THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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LINES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Fold the little hands to rest,
Lay them on the quiet breast;
Close the eyes that on thee smiled,
Kiss once more thy darling child;
Murmur loving words, and say—
"They have taken her away."

They have taken her away,
From the night and from the day;
From the morning and the even,
From the storm-clouds up to Heav'n,
Where no shadow ere shall come,
They have borne the spirit home.

Barque but drifted out to sea,
Moor'd in calm Eternity;
Pilgrimage but scarce begun,
Ended ere the morrow's sun;
Walks she now with unshod feet,
Alway up the golden street.

Lay the little form to rest,
Say our Father knoweth best;
After all our grief and pain,
We shall see our loved again;
Murmur loving words and say—
"Angels took our child away."

CAROLINE A. BELL.

ROUND TOP MOUNTAIN

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from "Frank Leslie," gives a view of Round Top Mountain, where so many perished that it has been called the Slaughter Pen of Gettysburg. This view shows the mountain as seen from Granite Top in all its wild rugged grandeur, with the stone-works thrown up by our men at the foot.

COUSIN JOHN'S RETURN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARGARET HOSMER.

A tall young man with a gaunt figure and sallow face, sprang hastily from the deck of the Camden Ferry boat as it reached the Philadelphia landing, and dashing his way through the throng of people and carriages, hurried up Walnut street in the direction of the western part of the city. Why this gentleman, whose speed spoke great eagerness to reach his destination, should have rejected the numerous offers of cab-owners, or why he should, in the pleasant season of scarcely approaching autumn, wear so many wrappings, were both mysteries only to be explained by his having long resided abroad in a warmer climate, and having been used to depend chiefly on his own feet for a quick conveyance. They served him well in this case, for in a little while he stood on the broad white steps of a handsome substantial looking house with a wide cheerful doorway, and windows on either side of it. A tall, bony Irish woman, middle-aged, and much given to freckles, answered his energetic ring at the bell, and seemed for a moment or two to question his right to that performance, but gradually her eyes opened wide, and then her mouth followed their example.

"Well, by all that iver I saw or heard of, this bates all, sure is it really yersilf, Mr. John, or jist yer likeness! Troth yer not what ye where whin ye wint away, anyway."

"I have been sick lately, Katey, and I am heartily glad to see you. You look well and are well, too, I'm sure," said Mr. John.

"Yis, I'm not ailins jist now, but I've had my ups and downs these nine years past as well as ivery one else. An' why did ye niver give us a hint ov yer intention, but just come on us an' take our breath away like?" she asked.

"I was sick, as I said, and I did'nt want to write that; when I got better I came home in the ship that would have carried the letter telling you of my coming. Where is my aunt?"

The young man who was busy unwinding himself out of his shawls as he spoke, now hung the last of them on the hall rack, and by a motion begged the fairly astounded attendant to show him to his aunt's presence. She seemed so entirely astonished and overcome herself by the sudden appearance of the stranger, that the idea of it being better to prepare her mistress for the news did not present itself to her. She was already darting in at her, shouting:

"Mr. John's come home;" when he laid violent hands upon and restrained her; a controversy ensuing as to the best means of not disturbing his relative, whom he remembered as a remarkably nervous woman, of great emotional capacity.

Katey elevated her voice to its full height, averring that she would be "the last to put Mrs. Bache through-other, for it was herself well knew what it was to bring her round again."

A little lady, with a dress cap that was a miracle of flowers and ribbons, and attired in an imitation rainbow silk dress, came rustling out of the parlor, and with a peering glance that bespoke her to be near-sighted, approached them.

"Sure it's Mr. John, jist," screamed Katey excitedly, in pursuance of her desire to preserve her mistress' calmness. "Would ye believe yer eyes, ma'am, it's Mr. John Bache comed home from Chiney?"

Aunt Bache gave a series of sharp little squeals and retreated, then she advanced again with a burst of tears and laughter mingled, and exclaimed:—

"Oh, my dear boy, John, I am so glad to see you, when did you make up your mind to come, we liked the ginger so much, and the china wasn't broken at all. You're quite thin; is it the climate—and your complexion isn't nearly as good as it was, but did you try my cordial and persevere in those bitter draughts?" all in one breath, and then discovered a disposition to faint, which her nephew dutifully prevented, by almost carrying her into the parlor and sitting down at her side near the open window.

"I made up my mind to come, dear aunt, when the doctors told me I could not get better there; and I am very glad you liked the ginger and China. The thinness, I fear, I owe to the fever; and my complexion, too, I charge to that account. The cordial and bitters only came as I was about to sail, and I brought them with me to have your directions while I took them. Where is my Cousin Alice?"

This last remark was the only one in which there was the least expression, the rest was spoken methodically, as if he had conscientiously determined to reply to every question. That lady instantly responded:

"Oh, yes, to be sure, Alice will be so glad to see you; she will be home in an hour or two; in fact, I thought it was she when you rang, and you'll find her grown a great deal, some say she's very pretty, but you can judge for yourself, and young Mr. Lindell, do you know him, he's such a fine, gentlemanlike fellow, and the Harveys, and the Grahams, they all went together, and Alice says we may expect them this evening to talk over Cape May; quite a party, isn't it, and a sort of impromptu welcome home to you, dear John. You're so thin that I'm quite distressed, I declare."

"Then she's away from home," began John, gradually unwinding the tangled skein of Aunt Bache's words into thread. "She certainly must be grown, she was only fifteen when I saw her last, and pretty without a doubt. Who is young Mr. Lindell, may I ask? The Grahams and Harveys I think I can remember, and I shall be glad to meet them all again."

"Yes, to be sure," said Aunt Bache, and a shadow of confusion became apparent amidst her volubility; "you were not intimate with the Lindells, and in fact, it would be impossible for you to be, as they only were here a few months when we became acquainted, and they have been friends of ours for the past six weeks."

"Good gracious," cried the downright John, "I thought from your tone they must have been the friends of a lifetime."

"Well, my dear, you see, he is a handsome gentleman, and his mother has that indefinable something called *tone*, to any extent you can imagine. So it would be impossible not to cultivate them you know, and Alice is positively adored by both mother and son; you shall see them before I say anything further, and you are sure to be captivated by their charming manners, as we all are."

Mr. John got up and walked to the window. The room was in that twilight that is part of a Philadelphia summer in-doors; he pushed the shutters slightly apart, and a clear ray of light shot in across the snowy matting.

"Oh, my dear John, you have no idea how stupid I am; here I sit, never thinking to ask for your baggage, or to give you something warm, although you may be freezing here, for I understand China is like an oven in heat, and you may need a warm bath or pepper tea to bring you round."

John came back to the sofa and his aunt's side.

"Pray, don't, think of the baggage, the bath, or the tea," said he, "the first is coming, the other two I shall not need, I assure you, though if my old room is still in existence, I'll go up at once and attend to the disposal of my things when they arrive."

"Shall it be your old room, John; now really, well it's just as Alice said, though I wanted to have your things moved into a front chamber, and she persisted in having them as you left them. It does not seem as if we were doing you any honor to pack you off up there, but I suppose you know best, and we're glad to see you, that you're sure of."

Mr. John Bache had always lived with this same voluble aunt of his, from the sad day that brought him there a little motherless boy, until, a man of five-and-twenty, he had sailed for China, to take charge of his dead uncle's business. His and Alice's father had been half-brother's; and, left an orphan, he had fallen naturally into the family as a sort of elder son, feeling their interests keenly, and in his uncle's lengthened absence acting as head of the house, young as he was. Just before Uncle Bache's death, and John's consequent voyage to China, some strange entanglements took place in their affairs abroad; money was needed pressingly, and fear and concern fell upon Aunt Bache, and even little Alice felt that something like ruin hung above her young head. John, who had been of age for some years then, readily advanced the wished-for capital. His father had left him with a property of very considerable value, whose worth was daily increasing; and to serve his uncle's interests, he disposed of part to prop the falling credit of the house. This was hardly accomplished when death seized upon the relieved head of the firm, and sorrow and dismay fell upon the house of Bache. John, who sincerely loved his uncle, did not in his grief neglect the future prospects of his aunt and cousin; he wrote to examine the state of the business. It was a long time to wait for an answer, and when it came, it proved most unsatisfactory. To close the house and sell out its interest would at that time be such a fearful loss, that the debts alone would scarcely be covered by the receipts. An hour or two given to consideration decided John Bache. He had been reading law for the past three years with but little development of taste in that direction, and personally, he felt himself really better fitted for the mercantile career than any other. The sacrifice of leaving home and friends was a great one, but great as it was, he conquered it, and avowed himself ready to start for China in the next packet, to devote himself for an indefinite space of time to arranging things, so that his aunt and cousin should realize something out of the years of labor his uncle had devoted to that trade.

At first Aunt Bache protested with tears, that she had rather starve than exile the poor boy; and Alice stoutly declared he *should* not go; but John carried the day, as a young man of determination would be likely to do, and with the grateful tears of his two relatives flowing freely at his departure, sailed away over the seas to China.

Now, he was back again, after nine long years had passed. And his coming, although sudden at last, had been in contemplation for a twelve-month or more.

The business had grown under the judicious care of a new and fresh energy like John's, to be an extensive one. A resident partner was needed at home, and John transferred his share of the Chinese trade to the shoulders of a tried clerk, came home with the pleasant consciousness of having repaid himself the loan he had given his uncle, and secured his aunt and cousin a thriving competency.

Katey knocking at his door disturbed him in a protracted walk up and down his room.

"Will ye stip down, Mr. John, the young laddy's arrived, an' the mother an' her is jist wild to see ye, an' so am I me silf, Mr. John, for I feel as if I could niver see enough ov ye, now ye're back alive an' well."

"Katey," said John, gravely, "has my cousin been well lately; has she had any illness?"

"Is't Miss Alice," answered Katey, following him down; "deed no, it's nothing ov the kind was ailin' her, but jist a bit ov a sprained ankle she got, whin she wint off ridin' on a party wid the Grahames."

"Cousin John—dear Cousin John," screamed Alice Bache, springing out of the parlor into his arms; "oh, how glad I am to see you; I don't know whether to laugh or cry, and I think I shall do both."

Without a word John Bache pressed his cousin's hands, and looked into her face with an earnest reading gaze.

"Dear John, you look just the same dear good cousin that I lost so long ago. How delightful to find you so unchanged. I hope you will think the same of me, for I hate people who change."

"Are you not changed, Alice?" asked John, at last, in a kind, serious voice.

"Not a bit," she laughed gayly, wiping a few shining tears from her beautiful eyes, as she did so; "not the least bit, John, I assure you."

"Come into the parlor where I can hear and see you," cried Aunt Bache; "it's really your duty to let me have you to myself entirely this evening, John, for I'm sure I have missed you ever since you went away, and no one but your dear uncle ever could be so pleasant a companion as you used to be those evenings when we were so sad and depressed after our great trouble, and to think of your exiling yourself so long, and working so hard, and all that; I am sure it makes me weak with gratitude to recall it all."

"Perhaps we had better not recall it in words, mother," said Alice, softly, as she glanced at John's flushed face, "I would dearly like to know something of your life and house in China; for do you know, cousin, your letters were very unsatisfactory, except of course, in essential affairs."

"But, Alice," cried Aunt Bache, "before you go any further, I must know whether Lionel and his mother will drink tea with us or not, because—and I hope John will excuse these family matters—there must be some preparation for the evening, as you have asked so many, and I'll send Katey to Parkinson's when I find out what had best be done."

"Yes, I expect they will be here," said Alice, her face coloring slightly, as she spoke; "of course I knew nothing of Cousin John's return, and Miss Lindell proposed sharing the pleasure of telling you all our Cape May adventures, so—"

"There, my love, it's unnecessary to explain their coming; as for your cousin, it is highly proper that they should meet him. I know they'll be mutually pleased, it would be impossible to have it otherwise, for if there ever was a really elegant, highly cultivated young man, it is Lionel, and John has that delightful energy and perseverance and all that to appreciate him properly, so there couldn't be a more apropos visit, than'll begin as we do, from the beginning, I mean of course, the present beginning of your acquaintance. Alice and I have tried to do you justice in the past, when we told them of you, dear John, and—"

John Bache was sitting near his cousin, looking at her, as he had done from the first moment he saw her, with his clear, quiet, practical looking eyes, but when his aunt went on in this wise, his heart died away within him. At the first mention of the name "Lionel," it had throbbed ominously, but as she continued, a sound of doom to him flowed in the voluminous stream of words she uttered. Alice Bache was so very like the little girl he had left nine years before, that he found it bliss enough just to sit and gaze at the sweet young face that time had flown over on tip-toe, without leaving a foot-print to mark his going by. She had been the unacknowledged idol of his life, unacknowledged even to his own heart. For her sake it was, though he would not have confessed it to himself, that he had gone to China to build up a fortune that he could easily have bestowed on her; but she was so young and helpless, and dependent, he reasoned she might yield him her heart in a grateful reliance that might appear like love, but was not. Thus for long, long years he had thought of her as men with deep hearts and no superficial romance about them, do think of the woman they love; and when at last what he had determined to do was accomplished, and he had turned his face and hopes homeward, this name "Lionel," sprang up like a blasting figure amid his aunt's rambling speech. Quiet and methodical by nature, no one could have told by the voice in which he asked, "Who are Mr. and Mrs. Lindell, Alice?" how much his heart quailed before her answer. It did not come from her. Aunt Bache interposed as Alice was about to speak.

"My dear John, I will tell you at once, I meant to tell you, and of course it is proper that you should know, but you have been such a moment, as I may say, and there is so much to think of, and Lionel himself perhaps should be the one to explain; I don't know the etiquette of these things, only the truth is they are engaged." A moment or two passed, during which Alice glanced down at the carpet a little nervously, then up at Cousin John appealingly, and finally looked straight before her with a quiet look in which there was something of pride, or at least a determination to appear proud.

Cousin John rubbed his hand slowly up and down the plush arm of the sofa, and seemed to consider the case deliberately, but his very spirit sank within him, and his heart grew sick.

"Is this not rather a sudden thing, Alice?"

"I have not known Mr. Lindell long, Cousin John," she replied without altering her expression, "but I feel that I know him very well."

Another moment and John arose, and took the pretty hand that lay carelessly on Alice's lap.

"Dear Alice," he said earnestly, in a voice that trembled for a moment, and then became strong and tender, "teach me to know him too; if there is a man on earth I should wish well to, it is the man you honor with your regard. I hope I am your true friend, Alice."

"My dear Cousin John," cried Alice, bursting into tears, "I know, and I always knew you were; but mother had one of her premonitions that you would object to Lionel, though why, in heaven's name, she or no one else can imagine. Oh, dear cousin, I know you'll like him, you really cannot help it." Alice commenced crying now, and as she seemed to find it the only thing to do, under the circumstances, John quietly lent her his shoulder to cry on, of which she availed herself freely. The bell rang, and steps were heard in the hall. Alice checked her emotion, and ran out of the door at the other end of the parlor, while the guests entered at the hall door.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lindell." John had seated himself; he rose instantly, and came forward. "Quite a surprise for you as well as us," cried Aunt Bache, fluttering nervously. "Our dear John from China, Mrs. Lindell, Alice's cousin, you remember, Lionel, and I am sure you gentlemen will entertain each other for a minute or two whilst your mamma and I go up to take off her bonnet. We were so taken by surprise, you can't think, and to come home just the same day that you returned from the cape, quite a pleasant coincidence, is it not, Lionel?"

The two ladies went away together, and John Bache stood before a tall, well looking young man, who, when his face was in repose, would be called eminently handsome. He was a dark complexioned man, with a

blonde black beard and very brilliant eyes; he had entered the room with an easy grace of manner that would have distinguished him without any personal charm, but after he had heard the name of the new arrival, it entirely deserted him, and he stood with a flurried look on his face, and a shuffling, uncomfortableness of attitude that seemed to transform his elegant figure. It may have been his companion's confusion that gave John an advantage, but for the moment he looked incomparably the handsomer man as he stretched out his hand, and in a heartfelt tone claimed the friendship of his cousin's lover. They were still laboring under the difficulty of getting over the first words, when Alice came back, and made and sustained a pleasant conversation till tea time. Evening brought with it a gay party, and the introductions over, John slipped into a corner chair and subsided into the quiet, for which he longed earnestly. To say that his heart was broken would be untrue, for John knew in his practical soul that he should live and get over the blow that Fate had dealt him; but that life contained anything worth the struggle it demanded, he had yet to learn; his hopes were crushed, and a sense of having lived, dreamed, and worked in vain oppressed him with a dreary weight, and he was truly wretched. It was not in his nature to be unjust, or untrue. His having lost for himself the happiness of his cousin's love, never for an instant weakened in him a desire to ensure her peace or welfare. If for a moment a feeling of bitterness arose at the mention of his rival's name, he crushed it out in horror at its existing at all, and in self-denying goodness, did more than justice to his fine looks and fine bearing. "He is a noble looking fellow," he thought, as he sat silently in the shadow watching Mr. Lindell standing near his mother and Aunt Bache—"but did any one ever see so young a looking mother!" for an instant it seemed almost like a shock to discover this, it was so very startling. She was a young and very handsome woman, whose only claim to maturity lay in her heavy brows and strongly marked features. She wore a black satin dress, and a blonde cap and neckerchief, and this plain apparel rather increased than lessened her youthfulness. She and her son were both dark-complexioned, but there the likeness ceased. She was stern and hard by nature; one could see that, whatever art had done, and it had done much for her. She smiled as she spoke, but she spoke with a precision that belonged to her cap and dress, not to her quick gleaming eyes and restless features. She never left Mrs. Bache's side during the evening, and it began to appear to John that there must be an odd understanding between mother and son; they never clashed or interfered in any way; the one held Aunt Bache in charge, and the other followed her daughter with a silent tenderness in his eyes, and a quiet devotion in every action, that any one could see at a glance was just the conduct to win such a nature.

Alice Bache, as she stood directly before her cousin, in a light summer dress of blue muslin, never seemed so lovely in his eyes as then. She was a tall, slender girl, with a red-lipped, baby-looking mouth, that gave her face a very youthful air. Her eyes were large, gray, and most expressive, and her complexion was beautifully smooth and fair. Very handsome at any time, there was a certain excitement about her now that made her particularly attractive, and Cousin John, in his truthful soul, began to question the motives that made him doubt the wisdom of her choice.

"Were she less selfishly dear to me, would I distrust her handsome lover?" he asked again and again.

By-and-by he must have arrived at some satisfactory conclusion, for he left his corner, and wandering round the room, picking up a picture or ornament here and there, reached his aunt's side at last, and for the rest of the evening, divided with Mrs. Lindell, the task of entertaining her.

John Bache had been at home a fortnight, and yet he had spent but a few hours at a time in his aunt's house; business, he said, that really needed his care, held him prisoner, morning after morning, in the counting-house down town; and to tell the truth, he felt that in the parlor, where the Lindells were constantly coming and going, there was but little fear he should be missed.

As he was stepping slowly down stairs one morning, drawing on his gloves, his aunt came out of the little sitting room on the left of the hall, and mysteriously whispering that she would only detain him a moment, begged him to take a seat on the sofa, for she had a word or two to say—"Or, I should say, perhaps, a favor to ask of you, dear John, for you know how anxious I always am for your advice in everything, and how important I have always found it, and I'm sure I needn't enlarge on the trust and reliance I repose in you, and so I'll just come to the point, though Alice is timid about breaking it, and I'm sure you'll understand the feeling when you consider the circumstances, and—"

John who had been gradually becoming distracted in his efforts to see through his aunt's words the meaning she always endeavored to bury under them, with an impatience he had never known before, and felt ashamed of now, begged her hastily to speak out.

"I am a little nervous; nonsensical as it may appear, in a great strong fellow like I am, but the fever, I suppose, left that trace behind it. Well, aunt, now tell me, please; and if it's anything I can do, you know I'm at your or Alice's service."

"It's the business, John; but please don't flurry me. Alice couldn't expect you to act for her after her marriage, and I shall go and live with the Harveys till after her return from Europe; this house would be too lonely, you know, and so I'll give up everything, and Lionel will invest for us in some Cornish mines, where his property is; the returns are really fabulous, with no earthly possibility of depreciation, and as your health is poor, you had really better take a tour with them, and give them the benefit of your business experience, which is really wonderful, or you never could have taken that tangled affair up ten years ago, and made either sense or gain out of it as you have done, and now I suppose you can just as ready sell out the interest, or dispose of it to those young men already connected with the house; at any rate, there will be no difficulty, I presume; for I told Alice I knew I had only to mention it to you, and you would at once understand what to do."

"Then I think you were very premature in your conclusion, aunt," said John gravely; "if I understand you, and I'm not quite sure I do, I think you cannot possibly realize the state of the house, or how much time and loss it would involve to close up its interests. Whose suggestion, may I ask, was it in the first place?"

"Well now, really," said poor Aunt Bache, evidently driven to her wits' end, "I'm sure I cannot say, it must have grown up amongst us all; it seemed natural that we should make a change, and we had made you a slave to our interests so long, that really; well, I wish now that Alice had spoken to you, for it seems to me that she could have made it plainer, or, at any rate, have put it in better words."

"You are right, aunt," returned John, bluntly. "Alice should speak to me about this, and if you will do me the favor to call her now, I'll wait."

Aunt Bache got up hastily, evidently too much relieved to question the want of confidence in her ability John displayed. Presently she returned, and whispered—

"They are in the parlor, Lionel and she; he came to see when she wished to start on that riding party with the Grahams. Shall I call her out?"

"No," said John, "I'll go in;" and heedless of Aunt Bache's entreaties not to annoy Lionel with such details, John crossed the hall, and stood in the parlor doorway. To Mr. Lindell he bowed stiffly enough, and this had become of late the only greeting between the gentlemen, for which neither of them could account reasonably. Alice rose, and came forward.

"Do you want to speak to me, Cousin John?" she asked.

"Not unless you need me in a business arrangement of which your mother has been telling me something, but which I confess I don't see the drift of."

"Shall we defer it, Cousin John?" said Alice, pointedly; "I think I had much rather wait, if you please."

"The longer you wait, and the more you think before you commit an absurd error, the better I shall be pleased," returned John, sharply, and turned on his heel, with another bow, and left the house.

That night, as he sat in the dimly lighted parlor alone, Alice stole in and came up to him. She had just returned from the expected riding-party, and stood with her hat tied over her arm by its ribbons, and her light whip whisking her long skirt.

"Can I speak to you, John, dear, about that affair now?" she asked, gently.

"I am always glad to have you speak to me, Alice," he replied in the same tone.

"Mamma says that you want to know who suggested our giving up our share in the Chinese house. She could not tell you rightly, but I will. It was Mr. Lindell, and it seems to me eminently proper that he should have done so. It would appear neither generous nor right in any man's eyes, that a relative, however devoted or kind, should continue to give up his time and thought to the service of one in whom he is interested. John, my dear cousin, you know I am going to be married to Lionel, and he has every right consequently to be interested in me and mine." She came close beside her cousin, and rested her hand appealingly on his shoulder; he took it in his own, and drew her nearer still.

"Shall I ask you a question, and will you without being offended at me, answer me freely, Alice?"

"Yes, dear Cousin John," she replied in a trembling voice, "I am only too happy to gain your attention, for do you know, I have felt or feared some how, that we were becoming more separated now than when a wide ocean rolled between us."

John pressed the hand he held gently in reply, and for a little while was silent; at last he said—

"Alice, will you tell me—but remember, I know I have no right to ask—how did you come to love Mr. Lindell—was it not through some one act of his, was it not a sudden passion?"

Wonder and doubt were expressed in Alice's large gray eyes, but no anger or consciousness of interference on her cousin's part.

"Yes, to be sure it was, but how odd that you should ask me. Did any one hint it to you, or was it just a fancy? In a moment, just as I speak, dear John, the whole scene comes back on me, and Lionel's noble figure rises before me as it did that day. Let me tell you; you know how fond I am of riding; well, we were out, the Harveys and I, with their cousin Harry Parke, and he exchanged horses with me, because mine didn't canter well. Harry's horse was hard on the bit, I found it difficult to manage him, he reared, backed, and behaved shamefully till I became wild with his obstinacy, and whipped him up. He started back, shook his head, reared, and then ran forward like the wind, leaving everything far behind him. He had jerked me out of my seat, and running as he did, I could only hold on without attempting to regain it. I was slipping, yet had not the power to get my foot free of the stirrup. We were dashing down Gray's Ferry Road, and we had nearly reached the Arsenal, and I momentarily expected to be thrown forward and killed against the stone wall, when a gentleman darted out into the road in front of my horse's head. That instant I swerved in my seat; the rein snapped in my hand; I fell with my head on the ground, though my foot was still fast in the stirrup, and had just become aware of a daring hand checking the mad beast's course, when I lost all consciousness of everything. This was Lionel Lindell, and when I opened my eyes his was the first face I saw. I owe him my life, and I never look at him without recalling that moment." Her great gray eyes, darkening and dilating, with feeling, were bent on her cousin's face, she clasped his hand nervously and seemed to watch with eagerness for his answer. It came very slowly, and seemed a scant response to the glowing warmth of her picture.

"Were you ill afterwards?" he asked.

"No, not at all," she answered, and sighed to think there was nothing in John's face like the admiration for the act that she hoped to win from him by recalling the scene.

"It would have been better for us all if you had been," he said, "it would have made your head clearer, one is always muddled for a while after such a shock as that."

Alice got up impatiently.

"Dear me, Cousin John," she exclaimed bitterly, "what a fool I am, to be sure; here I stand expecting you to appreciate sentiment and passion, when you are so matter-of-fact that you even take the trouble to answer mother in every particular when it makes one's head ache to follow her words. I suppose I had better talk to Katey, and expect feeling in return."

"I suppose so," answered John sadly, but he made no effort to detain her as she dashed angrily past him out of the room.

"I am doing what I can in that affair, aunt," said John the next day at breakfast, "but it will take time, you know."

"Time," echoed Aunt Bache. "Time for what? oh, ah, I understand now, you mean that transfer of our little riches, whatever they may be. Oh, John, I do assure you, I would be the happiest of living creatures if that business were either over or had not to be gone through. I do despise these changes, it brings all the old trouble back on me, and makes me feel just as I did before you so nobly threw yourself in the breach and saved us all worlds of annoyance."

Alice was silently toying with her tea-spoon, while her mother thus discoursed; she looked up suddenly, when John asked,

"Then you are not anxious, aunt, to have this sacrifice made, as sacrifice it will unquestionably be?"

"Certainly, John, I want to suit Alice and Lionel, whose talent for business really amounts to a genius, his mother assures me, and this Cornish investment is such a flattering prospect, for poor people like us. In fact, you know we never could have secured it if it were not for the interest of Lord Parkmoore, who is Lionel's friend, and he promises Alice a delightful visit to his lordship's estates at Westmorland, when they are on their European tour.

"How does it come that Mr. Lindell's interests are in England; I thought you said he was a Southerner by birth?"

"He has lived abroad," said Alice, interposing, in a cold, proud tone, "and it does not seem unlikely to me, that he should make friends among those in whose society he was thrown."

"There's a gintleman axin' afther ye, Mr. John," said Katey, slipping her head in at the dining-room door, and carefully keeping her body in the back ground, which was a habit of hers. "Its about the property ye were buying, he says, an' he can wait 'till yez are through aitin'."

"I'll go now, Katey," said John, rising. "Shall I see you in an hour or two, Alice?" he asked.

"Yes, I presume so," she answered carelessly. But her mother, aghast at her want of courtesy to her cousin, hastened to say,

"Mr. and Mrs. Lindell are coming to go to the Academy with us, and we'll wait till you are at leisure to see us."

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ An Irishman being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my sowl, I don't know whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 12, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter-up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

CHEAP BOOKS.

In a recent sketch of Prescott, the historian, in Harper's Monthly, the writer says that he once had a conversation with him relative to the cheap editions of popular English works, which were then being turned out from the presses of the large publishing houses in great numbers. Prescott deprecated it as an evidence of bad taste on the part of the public. "For my own part," said he, "I believe that the style in which a book is printed and bound adds greatly to the value of its contents with most persons; it certainly does with me. I have often cast aside as unworthy of perusal a closely and cheaply printed book, which, on examination in a guise more befitting its contents, I have found of the greatest interest."

Probably there are very many who have had similar experiences. We have been repeatedly surprised at the effect that republishing articles in a handsome style, with large print, has apparently had upon their merits. It would appear as though the mind, being relieved from some of the labor of puzzling out the sense, obscured by dim and small print, was able to take in at one rapid glance the author's full meaning.

The following anecdote from the same source is amusing:—

Prescott remarked that when last in New York, one of the newsboys approached him with an armful of cheap copies of Dickens's novels.

"Buy a copy of Dickens, sir?" said the newsboy; "last work, sir; cheap, sir; dog-cheap, sir; only six cents!—have a copy, sir?"

"What!" interrogatingly demanded Prescott of the little peddler of books, "a novel of Dickens for six cents?"

"Yes," replied the newsboy. "Dickens is fell, sir; Dickens is fell; have a copy? only six cents!"

What a commentary, thought Prescott, upon the popular fame of an author! The story, however, he considered a good one; and the next letter he wrote to Dickens he informed him of the incident, and the estimate in which he was held by the young dealer in cheap literature.

SERMONS.

It appears that a plan has been hit upon in England to avoid alike the ministerial wear and tear of preparing so many sermons, and the resort to the fathers of the church for help, which some uneasy spirits find fault with as "plagiarism." It has grown to be a regular business, it seems, to get out original sermons in a lithographic periodical. The circulation of this periodical is of course confined to the clergy, and the promise is given that no second copy shall be sent within easy reach of a previous subscriber. Thus, in various parts of the country, the same "original, plain and practical" sermon may be being preached at the same time.

These sermons are sold at the very low price of about a shilling apiece—though, if there are a reasonable number of subscribers, this may pay tolerably well. As to their quality, we are not informed. If they are what they assume to be, "original, plain and practical," he would be a presumptuous man who should desire more. Whether we have any mental labor-saving machine on this side of the Atlantic of the description alluded to, we know not.

Rothermel's Christian Martyrs.

This picture, now being exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts, haunts us as if we had looked upon the reality,—a proof of no small success in life-like delineation. The painter does not open before us the sickening horrors of the arena. With the good taste which is one of the surest signs of genius he chooses the spiritual aspect of the scene. We see the group of martyrs who are awaiting, without the amphitheatre, but in sight and hearing of its terrors, their dreadful doom. A glimpse through the archway shows us a tall, Herculean man struggling with a huge lion: the claws of the tawny monster have torn his shoulder, and blood streams from the wound. The rest is left to imagination. The prominent figure in the group outside, in the next victim to be flung into the seething tumult of that hideous carnival of cruelty. It is a fair and saintly woman, contrasting with the rude Roman soldier whose brutal hold is upon her, as Heaven with hell. We do not feel painfully for her; although in the very grasp of violence, she looks safe from harm—the anguish of death is past. If her face, upraised in resignation, does not fully satisfy, it is because we look for so much. Recalling the exultant martyr words of glorious St. Paul, what that picture would not pale before the vision?

It seems to us that Rothermel is more successful in figures than in faces. There is wonderful expression in the child who buries his head in his mother's garments, shrinking close and clasping her in frantic fear;—the mother that heeds him not, but stares straight forward into vacancy with stony eyes of despair. The rosy, smiling baby in the foreground is a happy relief. The feelings of all ages, infancy, childhood, youth, maturity and old age, are delineated with a power that gives intense interest to the picture.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FIFTH READER OF THE SCHOOL AND FAMILY SERIES. By MARCIUS WILLSON, author of "Primary History," "American History," &c., &c. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The books of which this is a specimen, seem to us all that could be desired for the entertainment and instruction of the young. Almost every page lighted up with beautiful wood-cuts and choice poetry, what a rich contrast it presents to the plain, prosaic lesson books of our school days! This suggestive method, with profuse illustration, we think the true idea. It is good advice as to reading—by no means endeavor to cram your child's mind with useful knowledge. The engaging and the exercise of his mind is your part; the knowledge you may safely trust to him. Once for all discard the idea of feeding him; with the mind as with the body, the digestion and assimilation of food is the point to be ensured, and that is best done by the gratification of the natural, healthful appetite with what it craves, *no more.* Since it is manifestly impossible to put the universe into the nutshell of his head, why stupify his poor head by the attempt? There is nothing more delightful to a bright child than the imbibing of knowledge; to say that it is as sweet to his mind as honey to his palate, but poorly expresses the pleasure. Cherish this love of knowledge by judicious indulgence—that is education. The subjects and illustrations of this book open the gates of the fascinating fields of Science; with the jubilant ardor of children in a meadow of buttercups and orchard of fruits, we can fancy them entering their regular course of school studies as into a feast of limitless delight. We repeat, it is the true idea—following at human distance the example God sets us when He spreads before us, His pupils in the school of earth, the great lesson-book of Nature.

Among others there is a picture and description of the prettiest drawing-room ornament that has been invented of late years, the Aquarium, or ornamental fish-pond, which has superseded the gold fish globe so imperfect and cruel, but once considered so interesting. A source of entertainment rich without limit, has been made practicable by discovering nature's method of preserving purity—the balance of animal and vegetable life. Those who wish to make an Aquarium and keep it successfully are commended to the minute directions here given.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. By ERNEST RENAN, *Membre De L'Institut.* Translated from the French by Charles Edwin Wilbur, Translator of *Les Miserables.* Published by Carleton, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

HEAVEN OUR HOME. We Have No Saviour But Jesus, and No Home But Heaven. By the author of "Meet For Heaven." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

LOUIE'S LAST TERM AT ST. MARY'S. By the author of "Rutledge," &c. Published by Carleton, New York.

THE POLICE RECORD OF SPIES, SMUGGLERS, AND REBEL EMISSARIES Detected within the Lines of the Army of the Cumberland. A Series of Actual Occurrences within the Lines of the Army of Gen. Rosecrans. Being Selections from the New York, "The Annals of the Army of the Cumberland." Published by J. B. Lippincott& Co., Philada.

☞ A judge in Indiana is reported to have thus addressed a prisoner before him on passing sentence:—"Prisoner at the bar, Providence has given you a good degree of health and strength, *instead of which* you go about the country stealing ducks."

☞ A lawyer, the other day, went into one of our barber shops to procure a wig. In taking the dimensions of the lawyer's head, the boy exclaimed:—"Why, how *long* your head is, sir." "Yes," replied our worthy friend, "we lawyers must have long heads." The boy proceeded to his vocation, but at length exclaimed:—"Lord, sir, your head is as *thick* as it is *long!*"

☞ A London paper gives the following as the prayer taught to the children of the Scarborough wreckers in old times:—"God bless daddy, God bless mammy, God send a ship ashore before morning. Amen!"

TRIFLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY HATTY HAWTHORN.

"HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE."

A good play is a joy to the heart. No well-disposed person of thoroughly upright principles, belonging to either sex, can avoid tears at the sight of the "Stranger," or laughter at "Poor Pillicoddy." A good tragedy washes the dust out of one's eyes, as a good comedy clears the cobwebs out of one's heart. Socially considered the stage is a charming source of amusement, medicinally a capital physic; but as a moral teacher inculcating practical truths, lessons from human life for a human life to profit by, the drama in its present condition, is on the whole, I think, rather a failure. Why is it? Because stage woe and bliss are difficult to realize in every day existence, and do not seem to recall any of our own experiences? It must be so. Which of us have, while struggling with some bearded assassin in perfect time to slow music, exclaimed—"What meanest thou? Unhand me, villain!" or in situations of extreme peril indulged in pathetic soliloquy commencing with, "But no, I will be calm," and ending in a series of piercing shrieks. Can any lady now moving in society, however economical, re-appear after a lapse of, say fifteen years, in the same dress, feathers, and ribbons in which she graced the scene previous to that period? Yet this is nightly done; and I have known one heroic being to go to the wars, be taken captive, lie for years at the bottom of a noisome dungeon, escape, be shipwrecked on his way home, brave the waves lashed to a raft, and finally be taken up senseless from the surf and borne safely to his friends by philanthropic villagers, clad in the same striped calico pantaloons and pink ribbon cravat, without one rent in his apparel, or the faintest alteration or sign of wear or tear, from the blue rosettes on his shoes, to his large pointed lace collar, that it is to be hoped was never worn in real life in any age or country. Speaking of dress, there is another point slightly at variance with reality—though indicative of friendly generosity on the part of the owners themselves. A grand Duke in Milan dies in his Chair of State, with all the splendor of velvet and ermine surrounding him; and in the next act, an English Judge presiding at the trial of the next heirs, is decked with the same magnificent robes that were so quietly inurned in Italy.

Strange anachronisms also sometimes occur in this wise: A young cavalier is often spoken of as encountering some deadly foe in battle, or searching for a lost will, or pining in prison, and in each and all of these pursuits, supposed to be at a distance; but the people in the side seats know better, they see him before them in his noble top boots and curling locks, consulting his part by the aid of a side light, and their bosoms are not harrowed by fears for his safety, as are the centre rows of the dress-circle. Stage temptation and stage repentance are alike sudden and difficult of solution. There is also an intricacy in its revenge that requires some thought to fathom. A raging Nemesis will grasp its victim, hold a gleaming knife above that victim's quivering heart,—music, wild and fitful, will inform the audience how terrible is the tempest of passion—but suddenly Nemesis drops his dagger; if repentant, he will cry, in choking accents: "No, no, I cannot shed her blood," and relaxing by degrees, sink on his knees just as the curtain falls. But if implacable, he will grit his teeth, rise on his toes, throw his body back, and hiss after the manner of a first-class serpent: "Death were too sweet for him;—he shall live—live to feel my ven-ge-ance!" In like manner a highly virtuous youth, the pride and glory of his native village, will—while waiting in the ante-chamber of a nobleman—have his fancy captivated by the sight of a signet ring, a watch, a purse of gold, or some such commodity, that always lies round loose in plays for the purpose of betraying the unhappy heroes of domestic melo-drama. Beautiful maxims rise to his lips, his aged mother's face appears reproachfully in his memory, he shrinks at the thought of crime, honest indignation flushes his cheek at being weak enough to yield for a moment—he "will go—fly—leave this accursed spot and its glittering tempter!" He passes out, to immediately return and pocket the article in question, which is not exactly what one would expect, but what is positively necessary for the sake of the two following acts: for that young man must be seen dashing away at his despair in a dimly lighted dungeon, with clenched fist and whitened cheeks. He must also in the last act be led forth to public execution; but generally speaking he is pardoned by an Emperor or Duke, or some one in authority, at the intercession of a sweet young girl nearly all gay cap and ankles, that he holds afterward on one arm while receiving the congratulations of the assembly on his neat little job and its happy termination.

INDIANOLOGY.

Indian stories are rather at a discount now. Hiawatha seems to have absorbed the poetry of the red-skins, and exhausted the stream to its source. Miss Leslie, in one of her racy sketches, mentions a young

lady who had "written six volumes of them," that for soul-harrowingness, heart-rendingness, and stomach-sickeningness, had never before been equalled, without being able to obtain a publisher's services, so for had the passion for legitimate horror died out. On the stage, however, they sometimes assert themselves. Scalping knives have flourished, hatchets have been unburied, council fires raged, in the development of unpronounceable plays, with unpronounceable characters in them. White maidens, with poetical designations, are stolen, and come to grief; red maidens save or tomahawk them according to the fancy of the moment. There is much sublime soliloquy, unlimited firing, a funny man, who is somewhat irrational, but always agreeable; a hero, who is generally distracted; and a deep-voiced Indian, who gloats over carnage, and is bloodthirsty and revengeful till the last scene, when the hero makes himself useful for the first time, by flashing at him with gunpowder, at which he falls. Indian plays are a little terrifying if you object to guns, a little unsatisfactory if you insist on sense, but highly gratifying if you have a taste for red paint, and perfectly satiating if you admire the language of flowers and stars, adapted to the ordinary affairs of the wigwam. Is there any moral connected with one of these gory dramas? It may be not; but at least there is a warning. Death rules supreme in the last act; there is perhaps a comic scene, a rescue or two, some embracing, but nothing at all in comparison to the amount of slaying on all sides—which is immense. Hence the lesson; all must die! but let no one attempt to die after the manner of a stage Indian. It would be flying in the face of Providence to practise such contortions, after having been obliged to witness them in another. To be betrayed into those sudden rearings up in the air, droppings down on the earth, writhings, tremblings, hissings, gaspings, clutchings, groanings, and foamings, only equalled by the water at Lodore, and to be avoided by all who do not depart to that unreturnable bourne on a stage, whose wings represent a primeval forest, with a waterfall and mountains at the back.

NEWS ITEMS.

TWELVE millions of butterflies have been caught this year in the canton of Basle, and the Swiss government has paid the catchers the not inconsiderable sum of 1,000,000f. Naturalists tell us that of every hundred of these beautiful insects, forty-five are females; and as each of the latter is estimated to lay, on the average, forty fruitful eggs, the destruction of these twelve millions is virtually the same as the annihilation of two hundred and sixteen millions of caterpillars.

AN "infallible" art-critic, Dr. Waagen, director of the royal picture gallaries at Berlin, lately bestowed the most confident laudation upon certain "Claudes" "Greuzes," and "Sir Joshuas" in the collection of the Earl of Normanton, all of which he pronounced genuine and excellent specimens of the art of those great masters. But it now turns out that they were all painted by a Mr. Powell—a little circumstance which casts a shade of doubt upon the critical infallibility of Dr. Waagen.

A STEAMBOAT BURNT IN THREE WEEKS.—Only two steamers were taken when Chattanooga was captured, and more being required, Gen. Rosecrans gave orders for their construction at Bridgeport. Three weeks after the order was given, one of those improvised steamers made her trial trip. She is called the Cottage, and her construction is a curiosity. A long barge (one hundred and fifty feet,) some three feet deep, decked and tightly caulked, is built; upon this is placed a boiler and engines, brought by rail from Louisville for the purpose, and a wheel at the stern is the whole apparatus. Neither cabin nor paint is applied, but only a temporary roof for covering the freight. She is thought to be one of the most powerful on the stream, and is capable of being turned into a musquito gunboat with but slight alteration.

HOW THE SOLDIER SLEEPS.—You would, I think, wonder to see men lie right down in the dusty road, under the full noon sun of Tennessee and Alabama, and fall asleep in a minute. I have passed hundreds of such sleepers. A dry spot is a good mattrass; the flap of a blanket quite a downy pillow. You would wonder, I think, to see a whole army corps, as I have, without a shred of a tent to bless themselves with, lying anywhere and everywhere in all-night rain and not a grow! nor a grumble. I was curious to see whether the pluck and good nature were washed out of them, and so I made my way out of the smug, dry quarters I am ashamed to say I occupied, at five in the morning, to see what water had done with them. Nothing! Each soaked blanket hatched out as jolly a fellow as you would wish to see—muddy, dripping, half flounder-ed, forth they came, wringing themselves out as they went, with the look of a troop of "wet down" roosters in a full rain storm, plumage at half mast, but hearts trumps every time. If they swore—and some did—it was with a laugh: the sleepy fires were stirred up; then came the—coffee, and they were as good as new. "Blood is thicker than water."—*Chicago Journal.*

☞ Late English papers say that the drain on the farming population of Ireland is giving serious alarm to the landlords of that country. At a recent agricultural dinner, the Marquis of Waterford declared that, if the emigration continued at the rate at which it had lately progressed, there would be no laborers to till the soil, and Ireland would become a mere sheep-walk.

☞ A countryman, who had lost a sum of money at play, happened to sleep with the winner. In the course of the night the latter felt the hand of the former under his pillow. "What are you about?" he asked. "Nothing," replied the countryman, "I am only taking my revenge."

Suggestions on Female Costume.

[The following is from one of the leading fashionable papers of London. What is in the wind? Are we really to have a great revolution on the part of the women of Europe and America? Is heathen Asia to assert her superiority in the matter of female attire to the great Christian communities? We know not. We only know we are bound to keep the ladies who read the Post, fully posted upon this highly important and profoundly interesting subject.—*Ed. Saturday Evening Post.*]

It is quite time that the ladies of Europe should take into earnest consideration the subject of a total change of costume. There has been no radical change for many centuries, and the ever-varying fashions have not touched the root of the evil, for the European dress, turn and twist it how you will, is essentially unhealthy and uncomfortable, and no extension or diminution can help its being so. An attempt of this kind was made in America some ten or twelve years ago, but it was doomed to failure, even without a fair trial, for two reasons. In the first place, it only met the difficulty half-way. It was a compromise between the dress we now wear and that of the ladies of the East. The large Mamlouk trowsers were adopted, but the tight-fitting body and corset were allowed to remain, and thus the most important point in the necessary change neglected. Unfortunately, there are many young ladies who, if they have the idea that a slender waist adds to their beauty, will obtain it by tight-lacing, no matter how the vital organs are compressed and their health and constitution injured thereby. Now, as a tight-fitting bodice renders a corset indispensable, and as corset-makers, knowing nothing of anatomy and physiology, make a case that, instead of being adapted to the wants of the human figure, crushes it into the vice they have prepared, a natural consequence is, the health suffers, for nature will not be interfered with without resenting it; and, in nine cases out of ten, deformity to a greater or less degree sets in. It is to remedy this glaring evil, as well as to give freedom to the limbs, that a change of costume is absolutely necessary. If corsets were banished from the wardrobe, and ladies could be induced to believe that the slender graceful waists which nature gave them are quite small enough, and lose their beauty by being made hard and unnaturally thin, then we should have much less need of the doctor, and enjoy the pleasure of seeing a truly graceful figure oftener than we now do.

Another reason, and which, perhaps, operated more powerfully in causing the rejection of the Bloomer costume than even the one I have already given, lies undoubtedly in the fact that we have learnt to consider most of the actions of the American ladies as unfeminine; and as English women have a natural horror of being thought masculine, or strong-minded, in the extreme sense of the word, anything given to us, through this obnoxious channel, would be sure to be rejected. Had the reform commenced in any other quarter, there is little doubt but that it would have been carried out with success. As it was, no one could disconnect with the idea of the "Female Rights Association," or some such movement, and hence the utter hopelessness of its being adopted. This is no reasop, however, why we should continue to wear a costume that all agree in condemning, but few attempt to change. The dress of the present day has reached the climax of absurdity, discomfort and danger, and no woman dresses in it except at the risk of her life, or peril of disfigurement from that most painful element fire. We have suffered so much already, that now the danger becomes imminent again, in consequence of the cold weather, it behooves us to make some positive change, as much for the sake of our fellow countrywomen as our own.

What I wish to suggest to those who are the very persons that can effect this reformation, is, that the present dress*be altogether discarded, not only the corset and crinoline, but also the long, trailing, and inconvenient skirt, and that we adopt the dress which has for thousands of years been worn by the women of the East. It is far more modest and elegant than any that has been generally used in England; and as those now patronised are, so extremely the reverse, no objection can be raised against it on these grounds. It is also so light and well adapted to the figure, that the weight of the clothing is well distributed. There is no tight-lacing or padding required; the whole of it can be put on in the course of two or three minutes, and the dress made warm or cool, rich or plain in material at the will of the wearer.

Suppose a lady dressed herself with a pair of, I may almost say, enormously full Mamlouk trowsers, made of silk, satin, cashmere, cloth, or any material she might prefer. These should be gathered in with an elastic band over the boot; and, if the wearer thought fit, a pair of anklets could cover the band which meets the boot; the latter should be very prettily made, embroidered, or finished off with fur, fringe, or any other trimming at the top. For indoor wear, slippers could be worn if preferred, and the trowsers made long enough to fall over them. A thin bodice should be fastened on the trowsers at the waist, so that whatever weight there might be would be sustained by the shoulders. Above this should be worn a tunic, fitting almost tight to the figure, as far as the waist, then falling like a full petticoat to the knees, or, if the wearer or fashion ordained, nearly down to the ankles; and could be confined round the waist by a wide scarf. Over this dress, either for the house or open air, could be worn almost any kind of jacket, scarf, or mantle. The sleeves could be either open or tight, the tunic cut high or low in the neck; indeed this dress could and undoubtedly would, if adopted, go through the same variations and changes that our present costume does. The difference would only be in the foundation as it were; now the corset and skirts, however altered, are never altogether set aside; it would be the same with the tunic and trowsers; and we could have new fashions, and make changes in them every week or month, as we,do now.

I cannot resist making a short extract, before proceeding further, from Mr. Disraeli's "Tancred," in which he gives such a glowing description of the dress of an Eastern beauty, that I candidly confess I fell in love with it at first sight, and am sure my readers cannot help doing so too!—

She wore an amber vest of gold-embroidered silk, fitting closely to her shape, and fastening with buttons of precious stones from the bosom to the waist, there opening like a tunic, so that her limbs were free to range in her huge Mamlouk trowsers, made of that white cashmere a shawl of which can be drawn through a ring. These, fastened round her ankles with clasps of rubies, fell again over her small slippered feet. Over her amber vest she had an embroidered pelisse of violet silk with long hanging sleeves, which showed occasionally an arm rarer than the costly jewels that embraced it; a many-colored Turkish scarf enclosed her waist; and then wore loosely over all was a pelisse of amber Cashmere, lined with the fur of the white fox. At the back of her head was a cap, quite unlike the Greek and Turkish caps which we are accustomed to see in England, but somewhat resembling the head-dress of a mandarin, round, not flexible, almost flat, and so thickly encrusted with pearls that it was impossible to detect the color of the velvet which covered it. Beneath it descended two broad braids of dark brown hair, which would have swept the ground had they not been turned half way up, and there fastened with bunches of precious stones; these, too, restrained the hair, which fell in rich braids on each side of her face.

Here, again, is the description of a dress worn by the same lady, which to me appears to outrival in elegance and brilliancy any modern European dress that I have ever seen or heard of:—

The daughter of Beseo wore a vest of white silk, fitting close to her shape, and descending to her knees; it was buttoned with large diamonds, and restrained by a girdle of pearls; anklets of brilliants peeped, also, every now and then from beneath her large Mamlouk trowsers of rose-colored silk, that fell over her slippers powdered with diamonds. Over her vest she wore the Syrian jacket, made of cherry-colored velvet, its open arms and back richly embroidered, though these were now much concealed by an outer pelisse, a brocade of India, mazey with gold, and yet relieved from heaviness by the brilliancy of its light-blue tint, and the dazzling fantasy of its pattern. This was loosely bound round her waist by a Moorish scarf of the color of a blood-red orange, and bordered with a broad fringe of precious stones. Her head-dress was of the same fashion as when we first met her in the Kiosk of Bethany, except that on this occasion the Syrian cap on the back of her head was covered only with diamonds, and only with diamonds was braided her long dark hair.

Who for one moment would think of comparing the elegance of this dress, even without the jewels, to that which is universally worn in France and England?

The danger, faults, and inconveniences of the corset, crinoline, and train, are well-known and apparent to every one; their beauty and utility would be difficult to discover. Why not, then, as a sailor would say, "throw them overboard," and do without them. I shall but hint at one phase of the hooped petticoat, because every lady must have but one opinion on this point, and that is, its extreme immodesty. To walk through the streets in wet and dirty weather, or enter an omnibus or public vehicle, is quite an ordeal for a modest woman wearing one of these semi-balloons.

Besides this, they are so extremely uncomfortable that a fashionably-dressed lady, and, of course, everybody likes to be in the fashion, cannot recline in an easy chair, or on a sofa, with any idea of rest, without divesting herself of her two torments, for both of them certainly are instruments of torture, and her dress necessarily following the crinoline and corset, she attires herself in a loose dressing-gown, and then denying herself to visitors, for she could see none in this costume, she may hope to have a little ease and freedom. But with the dress I have suggested, nothing of this kind would be necessary, for the wearer would enjoy as much ease when in full dress as with simply one loose robe thrown over her. J. M.

☞ A strong-minded woman is apt to marry a weak-minded man, Providence having ordained that a couple shall have but the average amount of mind between them.

☞ POPULAR MEN.—"Was Mr. Chiselem a very popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busybody of a friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving, and several of them, including the Sheriff's deputy, followed him some distance."

A NEW MAGAZINE, FOR THE LADIES.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The subscribers would beg leave to call the attention of their friends and the public to the NEW MAGAZINE which they are about to issue, and the January number of which is nearly ready. The name will be

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

and it will be devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions. It will also contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department, of the following

UNRIVALLED CORPS OF WRITERS:

MRS. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," &c.
MARY HOWITT,
MRS. E. S. RANDOLPH,
EL'NOR. C. DONNELLY,
C. M. THOWBRIDGE,
MARGARET HOSMER,
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ANNIE RUSSELL,
MISS J. L. MULERY,
SARA J. RUMSEY,
CLARA DOTY,
HARR'T. W. STILLMAN,
MINNIE MAY,
ARTHUR HAMPTON,
T. J. CHAMBERS,
BARBARA BRANDT,
and other talented writers.

HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c., too numerous to mention. The January number will contain a beautiful Steel Engraving, *designed expressly for this Magazine by Schenck*, and called

GABRIEL WILKIN'S RETURN.

This handsome Steel Plate illustrates a story of love, war, and a broken engagement, by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, and will be of itself, we trust, worth the price of the number.

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE LADY'S FRIEND and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The Machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The Magazines will be sent to different Post-Offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their Magazines, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty Dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

TERMS.

Our terms will be the same as those for that well known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and will be as follows:

CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
2 copies, one year,	3.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, and one to getter up of club,	12.00
20 copies, and one to getter up of club,	28.00
One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and SATURDAY EVENING POST,	3.00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) 20 cents.

☞ The matter in THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be different from that in THE POST.

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Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ The latest in the photographic line in London, is the representation of the sitter minus his head, which he politely hands in a platter for the inspection of his friends, or carries tucked up under his arm. We do not know how the matter is managed, presuming the pictures are *not* correct representations; but there is something very horrid in the fun.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1864.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—which paper is now in its *Forty-third Year!*—would simply announce in their Prospectus for 1864, that they design maintaining for their weekly the high character it has already acquired as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER!

They have reason to believe that the stories of MRS. WOOD, author of "East Lynne," &c.; MISS BRADDON, author of "Eleanor's Victory," &c.; MARION HARLAND, author of "Alone," &c.; MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, and numerous other excellent writers, have been generally regarded as possessing the greatest merit and the most absorbing interest; and they design procuring for THE POST in the future as in the past, the best *Stories, Sketches, and other Literary Novelties* which they can possibly obtain. They intend commencing in the first paper in January,

A New Novel, by Mrs. Wood,

Author of "EAST LYNNE," &c.,

From advance sheets, expressly forwarded to us from England.

This Story will be called

"OSWALD GRAY,"

and will be about the length of "Verner's Pride" and "East Lynne."

In addition to the Stories written expressly for THE POST, its Editor also strives to lay before its readers, the best Stories from the English Periodicals. And gives, in addition to the Tales and Sketches, more or less Agricultural Matter, with a Riddle, Receipt, News, and Market Departments, every week.

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

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☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium may be either one or the other, as desired.

☞ The matter in the paper will always be different from that in the magazine.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
NO. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ A young lady, in a class studying Physiology, made answer to a question put, that in six years a human body became entirely changed, so that not a particle which was in it at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it. "Then, Miss L——," said the young tutor, "in six years you will cease to be Miss L——?" "Why, yes, sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly looking at the floor.

☞ Gen. Rosecrans related the following incident in a speech at Cleveland a few days since. The volunteers were all disposed to command. As a proof of this a circumstance occurred the day after the battle of Chickamauga. Some of the enemy commenced shelling a squad of our troops. The officer commanding took to his heels, when one of the men, levelling his gun, called out to him to stop, saying, "I'll be d—d if I will be deserted by my officers."

☞ A gentleman engaged in taking the votes of the Missouri soldiers at Chattanooga, on last election day, says the voting was done under *the fire of the enemy's guns.* As the men gathered together and deposited their ballots, the rebel's shell were exploding all about them.

LATEST NEWS.

The news of the Western army movements is condensed in short compass. The Cincinnati and Cleveland Cabinet Factories have driven the rebels from Chinch river, and is in pursuit of them. In the battle at Chattanooga our loss was 4,000. We captured 6,000 prisoners and 40 guns. They were sent by detail to various points in the North, guarded by fifteen hundred men, in charge of Col. C. Breckinridge is commanding.

General Banks is holding Brownsville with five thousand men.

Capt. Graham, of the 1st North Carolina (Union) regiment, recently went on a raid to Jacksonville, Florida, with one hundred Sharpe rifles, being the whole company of a Capt. White.

Gen. Hayes, of New York, has been ordered to raise five colored regiments.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 9.—The examination of the Meeks conspirators was resumed this morning yesterday. McFarland and Cupid were fined $6,500 and costs each, and Beeson $1,000, and to stand committed until the fines are paid.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Special dispatches to the Herald say that it is rumored that Secretaries Seward, Welles and Blair will retire from the Cabinet.

The famous Hudson river steamer Isaac Newton was burned near Yonkers on Saturday night. Fifteen passengers were injured, but no lives were lost.

The steamer Columbia has arrived, with later Liverpool advices. The statement that Earl Russell had resigned is denied by the London press. At Madrid a report prevailed that two American ships, loaded with arms for the insurgents of St. Domingo, had been destroyed by a Spanish vessel.

WHAT are meetings here but partings?
What are ecstasies but smartings?
Union what but separations?
What attachments but vexations?
Every smile but brings its tear,
Love its ache and hope its fear;
All that's sweet must bitter prove;
All we hold most dear remove!

Heavenward rise! 'tis heaven in kindness
Mars our bliss to heal our blindness;
Hope from vanity to sever,
Offering joys that bloom forever,
In that amaranthine clime,
Far above the tears of time,
Where nor fear nor hope intrude
Lost in pure beatitude. —*Irenaeus.*

☞ It is stated that Dr. Cullen, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, resolutely condemns the Fenian Brotherhood, which finds so much favor in the United States, and includes in its programme the invasion of Ireland and her liberation from "Saxon oppression."

☞ Hon. Henry S. Randall, of Cortland Village, New York, and author of a "Life of Jefferson," writing to a friend, says: "Alas, how his descendants are divided in this war! All his grandsons go with the South. George Wythe Randolph, late Confederate Secretary of War, is one of these—misled on this question, but a noble man. So is the older brother; Thomas J. Randolph. Dr. Benj. Randolph I never met. All his grand-daughters but one (she is a resident of New York) are firmly for the Union and so are their husbands, where they are married. Two of them have sons in our armies, who are liable any day to meet their kinsmen in battle. N. P. Trist, who married Virginia Randolph, is a devoted Union man. He has a daughter married to a Confederate. She stands up resolutely for the Union, and would if the scaffold was before her. But I forget these details do not interest you as they do me."

☞ A lady who kept a pet bear in New Hudson, New York, was eaten up by the playful creature recently.

☞ The Belfast (Ireland) Northern Whig shows that there are now linens of a coarse kind not only relatively but absolutely cheaper than cotton. Samples are shown of an Irish power loom linen at five and one-quarter penny per yard, and calico at five and seven-eighth penny per yard. The linen is undoubtedly the better and more durable, as well as the cheaper article of the two, though naturally somewhat coarser.

☞ STONEWALL JACKSON'S ADMISSION INTO HEAVEN.—I was much amused at the rebel prisoners' account of Stonewall Jackson's admission into heaven. They were strong admirers of Gen. Jackson, and especially of the great success of his flank movements. "The day after his death," said they, "two angels came down from heaven to carry Gen. Jackson back with them. They searched all through the camp, but could not find him. They went to the prayer-meeting, to the hospital, and to every other place where they thought themselves likely to find him, but in vain. Finally they were forced to return without him. What was their surprise to find that he had just executed a splendid flank movement and got into heaven before them."—*Correspondence Boston Recorder*

☞ Tea-kettles are decidedly Yankee in their melody; they sing through their noses.

☞ The lightning, since the invention of the telegraph, has become utterly demoralized. The amount of lying it has done is astounding. The thunder should dissolve partnership with it.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher says "Life would be a perpetual fea bust if a man were obliged to run down all the innendoes, inveracities, the insinuations and suspicions, which are uttere t against him."

☞ "Some people," said a red-nosed individual, harangu ing three or four bystanders, "waste their money in charity, others squander theirs in supporting wives and families; but as for me, I save mine to buy spirits."

DEAD.

The seasons weave their ancient dance,
The restless ocean ebbs and flows,
The world rolls on through day and dark,
Regardless of our joys and woes.

Still up the breezy western slopes
The reaper girls, like apples brown,
Bend, singing, to their gleeful toil,
And sweep the golden harvest down.

Still, where the slanting sunlight glids
The holes of cedar and of pine,
Chants the lone blackbird from the brake
With melancholy voice divine.

Still all about the mossy tracks
Hums at his drag the wood-ward bee;
Still fitfully the corn-crake's note,
Comes to me from the upland lea.

Still round the forest bowers she loved,
The woodbine trails its rich festoons;
The slumbrous poppies burst and fall
Beneath the silent autumn moons.

Still round her lattice, perched aloof,
In sunny shade of thatched eaves,
The jessamine clings, with yearning pale,
And withers in its shroud of leaves.

Still round the old familiar porch
Her cherished roses blush and peer,
And fill the sunny air with balm,
And strew their petals year by year.

Nor here within, one touch of change!
The footstool—the embroidered chair—
The books—the pictures on the wall—
The harp—the music—all are there.

No touch of change? I close my eyes—
It cannot be she comes no more!
I hear the rustling of her dress;
I hear her footstep on the floor.

I feel her breath upon my brow;
I feel her kiss upon my cheek—
Down, phantoms of the buried past!
Down, or my heavy heart must break!

A SWISS LEGEND.

It is now about thirteen years ago, that one bright autumn afternoon, Hans Godler, a native of one of the German-Swiss cantons, set out from his house on one of the slopes of the Glasbach Mountains, to practise with his rifle at the target in the lonely little valley of the Gemserberg, some five miles distant.

The annual festival of the sharpshooters of Zurich was to be held the next St. Nicholas's day, and Herr Godler, one of the best marksmen in the canton, had resolved to do all he could to carry off the prize, of which, last year, he had been disappointed by the extraordinary skill of that odious Corporal Schwarz, who had lately left the Prussian service, and returned to brag, and drink, and rival Herr Godler, who had hitherto been the unchallenged cock of the walk in the village of Zweistunden.

There was a sullen, melancholy sixedness about Herr Godler's eyes, as he trudged along, his heavy gun on his shoulder, and his bow-legged dog Gaben at his side, which showed at once that Godler had got out of his bed the wrong side that morning. He was cross, jealous, worried. It was the east wind, or the quarrel last night with Schwarz about chamois-shooting, or else washing going on at home, that had put him out, and made him kick Gaben, and curse the heavy rifle, and trip over stones, and knock his head against fir-bougha, and finally, swear horribly at soldiers' wives, children, sour wine, dogs, rifles, cows, and tax-collectors. A horrible temper was Herr Godler in.

If there is any special evil spirit who watches such moods, and aggravates them by making one hurt one's shins, and lose one's way, and quarrel with one's wife, that spirit must have been at Godler's elbow then, tempting on to mischief, and whispering in his ear that he was a poor, neglected, ill-used, henpecked fellow, and a mean-spirited cur to bear it. "Beat your wife, and shoot Schwarz," said the evil spirit. "Don't be such a fool," said conscience. Godler was ready to have shot every one in Zweistunden, although in better moments by no means a bad fellow.

Everything that day had gone untoward—the children had knocked down a pail of milk; the bell-cow had fallen ill; the eldest boy had come home from school with his coat torn half off by Schwarz's boy; and finally, Mr. and Mrs. Godler had had a tremendous quarrel. Mr. Godler wanted to go and practise at the target in the Gemserberg valley; Mrs. Godler, on the other hand, had called him an idle, bad man, who neglected his farm and his children, and, moreover, warned him that Friday was an unlucky day to go to a place well known to be haunted, even in daylight, by the ghost of a murdered chamois-hunter.

Finally, in a pet and rage, Herr Godler had clapped on his old felt-hat, tufted with a chamois-tail, seized his bullet-bag, greased linen patches, and faithful rifle, tossed the well-known weapon on his shoulder, and slamming the chalet door behind him, strode off, kicking down with a clatter an empty milk-pail that stood in his way, just to relieve his spirits. There is nothing like an inanimate object to vent one's rage on.

"Fool that I was to marry!" he said half aloud, as he struck across the mountains. "I, the most well-to-do man this side of the Jura, to go and marry, and lessen all I have at once by half—doubling my curse, and halving my liberty! Am! fool! I wish I had the time over again. Why can't we have wives, like horses, upon trial?"

With this brutal regret, and this cruel reflection, Herr Godler began to warm to his walk, and forgetting the nagging and meddling wife, the damp clothes, and the crying children, he raised his eyes, and looked around him, thinking better of the world, and even of that upstart, young Herr Schwarz. The sky was clear and blue; he had no companion but his dark, silent shadow, that grew and grew as the sun, its sovereign, grew near to his setting.

But I had forgot—Herr Godler had another companion, for, far above in the thin, blue air, one solitary vulture wheeled and poised, as if taking a determined and deliberate survey of our friend, thinking what an excellent side-dish he would make for its nestlings. It is not thought a very good omen to be thus dogged by a vulture; but Herr Godler having just stopped at a little brook that laughed and somersaulted over the stones, and taken a pull at his pocket-flask of *Kirschwasser*, was indifferent to all such omens. Nay, not even though he stumbled three times over ant-heaps, did Herr Godler trouble himself about any impending misfortune, nor look distrustfully at his rifle, or manifest any other superstitious alarm; but all he did was to turn and whistle his little bandy-legged dog Gaben closer to his heels, for fear he should stray too far among the fir-trees, and so get lost as the darkness drew on.

Herr Godler's walk of four miles took him over a varied tract of country, fir-wood dell, hillside; now glimpses of the great white Alps, now snatches of distant groups of chalets, of feeding flocks, and strips of flax, or grass, or corn; now, with all these pleasant scenes before his eyes, and with snatches of songs and droll wine-shop sayings floating about his brain, what should come into his head, just as he turned into the track leading into the target dell, but that disagreeable story of the dead marker.

The story was this. A year before the execution of the hero Hofer, an old chamois-hunter of the valley, who was paid by the riflemen of the district to mark their shots, and who, in the prosecution of that duty, had become renowned for his accuracy and promptitude, attended, as usual, at the annual shooting-festival. According to the Swiss custom, his post was in a pit dug at the foot of the target; and directly the bullet struck the target, he had to rise and point out the leaden splash with a long wand tipped with white leather. The first hour's shooting passed off very well; but when the firing began at longer distance, a rifleman, firing before his turn, must have shot the unfortunate man through the head before he could get back under shelter, for he was found dead in the pit when they ran to see why he no longer marked. His death was attributed to accident, nor was it discovered who had fired the fatal shot, though the general suspicion fell on the son of the marker, who had been heard that very morning to express a wish for his father's death. The suspicion was strong against him, but no legal steps were taken, and he pursued his ordinary occupation of a chamois-hunter as before; but from that time he became a moody and solitary man, with the hand of crime stamped on his brow. He was seldom seen now by the villagers, but lived in a retired chalet at the foot of a glacier half-way up the Gemserberg, with a little half-starved nephew he had adopted. It was the custom of this mysterious man to retire every day to the small innermost room of the chalet, where he locked himself in, threatening death to the child if he dared intrude on him. One day, the child, unable any longer to endure the terrors of being left alone, during a violent thunderstorm, stole to the door of the forbidden room; but as he listened, the door flew open as with the blast of a tempest, and the child was hurled, a dead and shapeless mass, against the opposite wall. That night a fire broke out and destroyed the cottage and its inmates, and the neighbors saw rising through the burning roof a crimson figure, with the features of the mysterious murderer.

Singularly enough, this wild and unpleasant story came suddenly with full force into Herr Godler's mind just as he crossed the shoulder of the hill that hid from him the rifle-target. The mysterious solitude, devoted to some hideous rites of devil-worship or witchcraft; the supernatural death of the intruder; the mysterious fire, and the apparition that attended it, all recurred at that moment with painful vividness to the solitary man, who, trying to forget the story, sang lustily a stray verse or two of a good, brave, old German song, to hide his fears:—

There is a castle on a cliff,
A castle strong and proud,
The sunshine seldom visits it,
But oft the thunder-cloud.

The storms around the roof and towers
Are ever fiercely blown,
But they never snap a weathercock,
Nor ever shake a stone.

Its crimson flag blows stately forth,
Nor fears the tempest-shock,
And like *a good man's conscience*
Is that castle on the rock.

But it would not do; it is not singing a song that will bring back courage or good temper—all that the song did was to open Herr Godler's lungs, and make him kick Gaben for squatting on his haims and howling dismally. Gaben's ear was sensitive, and he was in the habit of thus protesting against any kind of music. The habit may be not uncommon to dogs, but it did not serve to cheer up Herr Godler at that moment.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was westering fast. Great horizontal banks of gray cloud walled in the horizon above the fir-trees that shut in the valley; above this, a focus of golden light smouldered through, melting all the cloud round it to one mass of soft splendor, shooting out above it in bright rods and horns, and below it spreading in fans across the ash-colored vapor. Far away to the east, all the clouds were tinged with the purest rose-color; and already the moon, waiting to mount her throne, was visible, pale and spectral, in the distant blue.

There is an apprehensive state of mind, I will not call it fear, when every inanimate object seems to us full of ominous and demoniacal life. A presentiment of misfortune weighed upon Herr Godler's mind. How was it that the fir-trees had never before seemed to him to stir and whisper so like soldiers through whose ranks the watch-word for the night is passing? Why was it that the clouds had never before seemed to him to roll and heave so like dragons, snakes, and the monsters of a nightmare? And why did Gaben, as a sudden unreasonable and ghostly little eddy of wind stirred and flurried the leaves of that bush, slink to his master's feet, his tail between his legs? Gaben, too, who all the previous walk had been chasing his own tail, running after fugitive thistle-down, and pursuing other laborious and spontaneous amusements of his species.

Herr Godler gave a look at his dog, and Gaben looked at him in a cowed way out of the corner of his onyx-colored eyes. Herr Godler gave a mistrustful look at his rifle, as if he suspected it were going to explode out of sheer spite, or in some way or other to play him some scurvy trick. Then he tossed it from his shoulder, planted the brass-bound butt on his left foot, and poured in from his horn a thimbleful of powder, the grains nearly as large as onion-seed. But before he slipped in the bullet in its swadding of greased linen, he would fire off a cap to clear the touchhole, and see that the piece was dry. He pressed back the hammer, and put on the little copper hat upon the nipple. Bang! he fired—the rifle was now ready for loading.

Now Herr Godler had been standing with his back to the target, from which he was still some seven hundred yards distant. As he fired, he turned and looked down the valley towards it. To his surprise and horror, as he looked he could see a small dark figure, small as a puppet from the distance, but evidently that of a man, rise from the foot of the target, point with a long wand at the white surface of the iron, then wave its arms to and fro, and again prostrate itself on the ground.

"Bah!" said Herr Godler, taking a long draught of *Kirschwasser* from his pocket-flask, which hung round his neck by a green cord; "it is only some herdsman's boy trying to frighten me. Ghosts don't come out in the sunshine. Nicely they'd laugh at me, at the William Tell, if I went back without practising, scared away by a *spitzbube*, when already the little fool is gone, seeing I am coming, and afraid of the infernal knock I should give him if I catch him."

Herr Godler must have been right, for now, as he looked, the white target, with the black spot in the centre—like the ace of clubs—stood lonely against the green bank, and nothing was to be seen or heard far or near, except a rabbit that sat feeding under a bush, and a black-bird that sung above its head.

Along the range of turf there was nothing to attract the eye but that gaunt, straight, dead thorn-bush, which, at a distance, Herr Godler had so often taken for a man. There it was, black, leafless, and thorny, as much like, and no more like, a man than ever.

There is the target, throwing its slanting, oblong shadow, and with the pit at its foot. Herr Godler has reached the post that marks the three hundred yards. He loads—the powder rustles down the grooved barrel; he places the bullet in the greased circle of rag, and rams it home; he removes the burst cap from the nipple, and puts on a fresh one; he puts the piece to his shoulder, fires, and a thin jet of pale fire pours from the barrel, and with a petulant *ping* the bullet resounds upon the iron target. A thin gust of smoke drove from where the rifleman stood towards the target.

Herr Godler followed it, to see how near the bull's eye the ball had struck, and in order to study from that shot in what degree the wind affected the bullet. As he got near the target, a dark figure suddenly leaped nimbly out of the pit in front of the target, and advanced towards him, hat in hand, and rifle on his shoulder.

The stranger, who had rather startled Godler by his abrupt appearance, was a tall, dark, thin man, with a swarthy face, and close, curling black hair, and large dark eyes, rendered ghastly by the yellowish-white that bordered them. He wore an old-fashioned mountaineer dress, and walked rather lame with one leg.

"Good-morrow, brother-marksman," he said, courteously bowing to Godler, who returned the greeting. "I saw you," he said, "a long way off, and got out of the pit, and made gestures to signify that I would mark for you. I am accustomed to it. I am often in this valley practicing, and, to tell you the truth, had got into the pit to take a quiet nap before turning homeward. A long sojourn in a hot climate, and a slight lameness, has made me easily fatigued with what I could once have smiled at."

"But how did my coming, sir, awake you?" inquired Godler, won by the easy address of the stranger.

"True," said Godler; "I never thought of that." Yet a rifle-pit, he could not help thinking, was rather a strange place to go to sleep in.

"You have a good gun there," said the stranger, smiling, as he touched first Godler's gun and then the target. The bullet had struck just to the right of the centre black.

"Very fair," said Godler, examining the splash of the shot, and started as he looked down into the pit, and saw the saw-dust in one place stained with apparently fresh blood.

"Mine—that's mine," said the stranger, smiling coldly as he came forward and looked into the pit. "I caught a rabbit in there, and killed him; it is not the first time blood has been shed there."

"So you know our legend, sir?"

"I have heard it. But you have a match coming off, I hear. Do you stand well among the marksmen of the Gemserberg?"

"The best save one—a bragging fellow. They call him Corporal Schwarz; he won last year's medal."

"A drunken fellow. I've seen him. Follow my advice, and you shall beat him. Watch my ten shots."

There was something in the stranger's manner that awed Herr Godler; he said nothing, but bowed his head, and was about to follow him back to the three-hundred-yard post.

"No," said the stranger, with a sardonic smile; "you lie in the pit and mark. There is no danger marking with me, especially when I'm alone."

Herr Godler, wand in hand, lay down in the pit, just under the target. He was not accustomed to mark, and the time of waiting seemed insupportably long. He longed to look out and see why the stranger did not fire. At last came the explosion, and the whiz, and the next moment there was a leaden star in the very centre of the black. The flattened pellet, of a curious yellow color, did not fall down into the pit, but glanced some ten yards off.

As he touched the spot with the white leather ball of the wand, there came a neighing laugh from the marksman.

Bang! another in the black, an inch higher than the last.

Bang! another to the left.

Bang! another a trifle lower; and so on, till the letter S was distinctly visible on the target written in bullet-holes.

One more shot, number ten. This time the bullet cuts off the top of the wand as Herr Godler is carefully marking out the place where number nine struck. The marker was in raptures.

He advanced to meet the stranger, who approached carelessly smiling, his gun resting in the hollow of his left arm, and holding three yellow bullets in his right hand.

"Excellent! perfect! admirable! divine!" cried Godler.

"Your epithets are ill-chosen," said the stranger. "You shoot quite as well, aim as straight, and with as steady a nerve and accurate a sight; but you do not use the yellow bullets: without that, there is no certain shooting. Take these three, and use them at the match."

Godler looked at the proffered bullets—they were of a dull yellow, and looked like unrefined gold.

"Brass—a certain sort of fine brass," said the stranger; "but of a peculiar fitness of shape. They must go straight." Here he handed them to Godler.

"Is S the initial letter of your own name?"

"No; but that of the name of one of my best friends—one who has shared with me the dangers of climate and of hardship—an old and tried friend." Here the stranger gave a peculiar look at the sun, that was now just sinking below the horizon. "I must begone. I live far from here, and there are only certain hours I can spare to the valley and its amusements."

As he said this, the stranger strode away, and passing into the square black shadow of the target, was immediately hidden from Herr Godler's sight.

For an instant, Herr Godler remained motionless; then he put down his rifle on the turf, and ran after the stranger; but he was gone. There was no one in the pit, no one in the shadow, no one behind the target, no one anywhere.

Herr Godler could bear it no longer; he threw down his rifle and the yellow bullets, and ran as hard as his legs could take him from the haunted valley, having now no doubt of the supernatural character of his visitor. Gaben followed him, yelping and howling.

Just as he reached the ridge leading back into the road, he turned and looked back—to his indescribable horror, there, at the target, stood again a dark figure, shouting and waving the marker's wand. Godler gave one look, and fled.

"Why, what is this I hear, Hans?" said Mrs. Godler to her husband the first thing at breakfast the morning after. "Here's Mrs. Schwarz says her husband saw you last night running like a madman from the target-valley, where he had gone to practise, and that the more he called the faster you ran. He found a burst gun, which he supposed to be yours, near the target."

Godler did not tell his wife the true story, but confessed that seeing a man gesticulating near the target had frightened him home, as he took it for the ghost of the murdered chamois-hunter.

"A ghost by sunlight!" sneered Madame Godler; but Godler said nothing about the bullets, nor did Schwarz ever tell him that he had found and appropriated them.

From that night, Schwarz became an altered man; he went down the hill, as the saying is, with the drag off; he grew noiser and more boasting than ever; he declared he would challenge all Switzerland, nay, the world itself, to shoot. He drank endless drams of *absinthe*; he boasted of having better champagne than the King of Prussia. He beat his wife; he defied the whole village to single combat. It was currently reported that his success at rifle-practice had fairly turned his head.

It was the night after the scene in the Gemserberg valley that Herr Godler betook himself to the best room of the William Tell Inn, nominally to drink a tumbler of wine, but really to receive one or two superstitious doubts that still weighed on his mind.

"Coward, milksop, nincompoop," his wife had called him for being so easily frightened; he would now resolve his doubts, and then tell her the whole story, still hoping that he had been deceived by some clever trick.

They were talking of him and his panic when he entered the room; the landlord was taking his part against many assailants.

"It is all very well for us," said he, as Godler took his seat, and lighted his great china pipe, in a deprecating way; "but the Gemserberg valley is a wild, lonely place, and they do say that a ghost has been seen there before, but never by daylight."

"The murder took place at sunset, thirty years ago," said an old man nearest the stove, "and therefore sunset is the time when I should expect the ghost."

"I've heard the story a thousand times," said the landlord, feeling himself rebuked, "and I never heard that the thing happened so late in the day."

"Well, I ought to know, landlord," said the old man, plucking himself up, "for I was with the men that day, and saw the marker shot."

Every one was silent. Godler's hand shook so that he almost dropped his pipe.

"And may I ask," said he, "what sort of a man the murderer was?"

"A tall, thin, swarthy man, with dark eyes that seemed to flash when they glanced suddenly at you. He used to use peculiar bullets of some yellowish metal, for he showed me them that very morning. People did say that he made them of the gold he had found in some stream up among the mountains."

Herr Godler here rose, pushed back his seat, wished everybody good-night, and saying he felt suddenly ill, hurried home.

"Oh, wife, wife," he said, as he entered his own house, "I've seen the devil!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the worthy but unbelieving woman. "Then you must now see the doctor."

Herr Godler was prostrate with a nervous fever for six weeks; half the time he was delirious, and the other half insensible. When he did recover, and at last rose from his bed, a pale trembling phantom of his former self, the first thing he did was to stagger to the window. The house opposite, once Corporal Schwarz's, was now a mere skeleton of black charred rafters.

He could hardly speak, but he pointed to the spot, and asked his wife what had happened.

"Oh," said she, "there has been dreadful work with Herr Schwarz while you lay ill. Two days before the match, he was seized with delirium tremens, wounded his wife, and shot himself; and the night he died a fire broke out, and burned down his house as you now see it. His wife and child escaped with difficulty from the flames. Most terrible of all, some who were there saw, or thought they saw, a figure resembling Corporal Schwarz, transparent with flame, rise through the burning roof, and float off across the red smoke into the darkness that rose up to the mountains."

"God in His great mercy be thanked for saving me from the accursed bullets!" said the sick man, falling on his knees by the window. "If I had taken them, I should have perished like Herr Schwarz."

In time, Herr Godler slowly recovered; but he abandoned rifle-shooting, and from that time forth never went to practise in the haunted valley of the Gemserberg.

☞ We like to hear people tell good stories while they are about it. Read the following from a western paper:—"In the late gale, birds were seen hopping about with all their feathers blown off." We have heard of gales at sea where it required four men to hold the captain's whiskers on!

WAITING TO GROW RICH.

BY AN ENGLISH WRITER.

Often are two lives blighted just because of the nonsense of an establishment, and because the present age makes luxuries necessaries. It's all humbug—a woman is a better woman, as a man is a better fellow, for having to rough it a little at first. What a stupid ass a man becomes who has been lying on rose-leaves all his life; put a thistle under him for a little and you do him good, mentally and physically. The girl who won't go through a little hardship for the man she loves, isn't worth having. The man who is too lazy to work a little harder that he may marry the girl he loves, is no great catch for any one. But when a young fellow has worked, and does work, till he has provided all the necessaries and some of the comforts of life, it is rather disheartening to be told that his labor has been fruitless, and that he must give his bride the luxuries of life. Of course, if he can do it, he ought to do it, though I'll tell you what, sir, if I was a young chap, and my head was not so bald, and my nose a little less ruddy, and I was looking out for a wife, I should go to work like the husband of the patient Griseli, or rather, say, like the portrait-painter in the Lord of Burleigh—I would just see if my wife would leave her father and mother's luxurious house and come to an eight-roomed house and a servant of all work. If she would not do that, why, of course, I would pitch her overboard, and she should never have the pleasant surprise of finding I was a rich man in poor man's clothing.

I believe the mammas will be against me in my ideas. They don't like their daughters to marry out of sixteen-roomed houses into eight-roomed dwellings. Ten to one they began in a four-roomed house themselves, and worked their way up by degrees; yet they do not want their daughters to do the same. They call it kindness. I don't. They esteem it better that their daughters shouldn't get married at all than sink, as they call it, in the scale of life. I don't. Give 'em true love, and I'll wager my snuff-box to President Lincoln's chair, that their daughters will be happier to go down a few steps on the ladder than to struggle upwards at all hazards. These mothers think their girls will be better off to become old maids than to do without a boudoir or a breakfast-room. I don't. Woman's natural position is marriage; and every old maid who could have been married had she chosen to rough it with a husband but would not, has committed a sin against the order of nature. Numbers of old maids there must be, of course, and there is plenty of noble work for old maids to do in the world, as I may point out by-and-bye; but every marriage prevented because the lady won't give up luxury and ease for the sake of love, is sin. I don't say go to the other extreme and get married on a violin and red herring. Nothing of the sort; but there are hundreds and thousands of men with incomes from £150 to £300, ready to marry, and can't marry, because the girls they love have such grand notions of their position in society and of an establishment. What a host of comfortable little homes and happy firesides might be produced out of those incomes of from £150 to £300, if people would only believe in happiness without luxury. But how durst a mercantile clerk, with his £200 a-year, ask a girl to share it with him whose dress would sweep off the half of it at once. If she prefers being single, and being dressed in perpetual silks by her papa at that rate, to wearing stuff gowns, and enjoying the happiness of a husband's and children's love, why let her, that's all. I daresay the young fellows spend a great deal too much themselves, and often dread getting married, because they would have to curb their expenses. They couldn't spend so much they think in light wines, in bitter beer, in cigars, in sleeve-links, with wife and family to keep. If a fellow can marry and doesn't on these considerations, he deserves a kick as richly as the luxurious wenches merit a slap on the face. The fact is, we must have simpler tastes, simpler manners, or I really dread the future.

HINDOO WIDOWS.

An incalculable and unutterable amount of wretchedness is produced by the Hindoo law, which condemns the female to perpetual widowhood on the death of her husband. This is the case, even where the preliminary ceremony of betrothment only has taken place. Not only is absolute and unbending widowhood imperatively commanded, but she is required to practice the most rigorous austerities, and to mortify herself as it were unto death. "The widow shall never exceed one meal a day, nor sleep on a bed." She is required to observe a rigid fast every eleventh day, besides many other seasons of abstinence. She is forbidden to taste animal food of any kind; and even the one meal of pulse, roots, and vegetables that is allowed her, must consist of such articles as can be cooked together in one pot, to make up a single dish.

☞ Hawthorne's portraitures of the English people, in his recent work entitled "Our Old Home," are not well relished by our cousins over the water. We have so often winced under their criticisms, that it gives one a malicious pleasure to witness their sensitiveness at American criticism.

SHE DEFINES HER POSITION.

BY ELIZA S. RANDOLPH.

Lingering late in garden talk,
My friend and I, in the prime of June,
The long tree-shadows across the walk
Hinted the waning afternoon;
The bird-songs died in twitterings brief;
The clover was folding, leaf on leaf.

Fairest season of all the year,
And fairest of years in all my time;
Earth is so sweet, and heaven so near,
Sure life itself must be just at prime.
Soft flower-faces that crowd our way,
Have you no word for us to-day?

Each in its nature stands arrayed:
Heliotrope to drink the sun;
Violet-shadows to haunt the shade;
Poppies, by every wind undone;
Lilies, just over-proud for grace;
Pansies, that laugh in every face.

Great bloused Peonies, half adoze;
Mimulus, wild in change and freak;
Dainty flesh of the China Rose,
Tender and fine as a fairy's cheek;
(I watched him finger the folds apart
To get at the blush in its inmost heart.)

Lo, at our feet what small blue eyes!
And still, as we looked, their numbers came
Like shy stars out of the evening skies,
When the east is gray, and the west is flame.
—"Gather yourself, and give to me,
Those Forget-me-nots," said he.

Word of command I take not ill;
When love commands, love likes to obey.
But, while my words my thoughts fulfill,
"Forget me not," I will not say.
Vows for the false; an honest mind
Will not be bound, and will not bind.

In your need of me I put my trust,
And your lack of need shall be my ban;
'Tis time to remember, when you must;
Time to forget me, when you can.
Yet cannot the wildest thought of mine
Fancy a life distuned from thine.

—Small reserve is between us two;
'Tis heart to heart, and brain to brain:
Bare as an arrow, straight and true,
Struck his thought to my thought again.
"Not distuned; one song of praise,
First and third, our lives shall raise."

Close we stood in the rosy glow,
Watching the cloudland tower and town;
Watching the double Castor grow
Out of the east as the sun rolled down.
"Yonder, how star drinks star!" said he;
"Yield thou so; live thou in me."

Nay, we are close—we are not one,
More than those stars that seem to shine
In the self-same place, yet each a sun,
Each sentinct in its sphere divine.
Like to Himself art thou, we know;
Like to Himself am I also.

What did He mean, when He sent us forth,
Soul and soul, to this lower life?
Each with a purpose, each a worth,
Each an arm for the human strife.
Armor of thine is not for me;
Neither is mine adjudged by thee.

Now in the lower life we stand,
Weapons donned, and the strife begun;
Higher nor lower; hand to hand;
Each helps each with the glad "Well done!"
Each girds each to nobler ends;
None less lovers because such friends.

So in the peace of the closing day,
Resting, as striving, side by side,
What does He mean? again we say;
For what new lot our souls allied?
Comes to my ken, in Death's advance,
Life in its next signidicance.

See yon tortoise; he crossed the path
At noon, to hide where the grass is tall;
In a slow half sense of the sun-king's wrath,
Burrowing close to the garden wall.
—Think, could we pour into that dull brain
A man's whole life, joy, thought, and pain!

So, methinks, is the life we lead,
To the larger life that next shall be:
Narrow in thought, uncouth in deed;
Crawling, who yet shall walk so free;
Walking, who yet on wings shall soar;
Flying, who shall need wings no more.

Lo, in the larger life we stand;
We drop the weapons, we take the tools:
We serve with mind who served with hand;
We live by laws who lived by rules.
And our old earth love, with its mortal bliss,
Was the fancy of babe for babe, to this.

—Visions begone! Above us rise
The worlds, on His work majestic sent.
Floating below, the small fireflies
Make up a tremulous firmament.
Stars in the grass, and roses dear,
Earth is full sweet, though heaven is near.

—Continental Monthly.

☞ A woman who recently had her butter seized by the clerk of the market for short weight, gave as a reason that the cow from which the butter was made, was subject to a cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

☞ "Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough." "Yes, I did," said Jemmy, "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."

☞ The "fisherman's luck" has been good this season. Most of the vessels have obtained large fares, and the fish sell readily at high prices.

☞ Fortune, like the inhabitants of Sriraam, often fattens swine upon pine-apples.

TWILIGHT PICTURES.

Did you never, when walking through the streets at dusk, notice the pretty picture through basement windows, as one after another the household lamps are lighted? There is a little fellow climbing into his high chair at the table beside papa and holding up his rosy mouth for a kiss. Oh, what shall keep that father and husband unspotted from the world, if the touch of those pure, trusting lips fail to do it.

Look again into this window. The eldest daughter sits at a table, reading a book, safe sheltered; the light just glances upon her smoothly braided hair and drooping eyelids; she is reading aloud; and mother sits by, listening, with an honest pride in her daughter's goodness and beauty. And now they both look up, the book is closed, and the girl springs to the door, and we see father's embrace and kiss, and mamma is well content to wait her turn, for is she not, the bright-haired girl, their child?

Look again. The fire burns brightly. By its light you see a man walking the floor with a baby's cheek pressed against his; the little thing is sick, and mamma is weary with tending it, and looks on with a pleased smile at the not ungraceful way in which her husband handles the little creature, and soothes him to sleep. Ah, see! he kisses the mother's forehead as he lays the baby back in her arms. Was she weary when he came back from the office? Perhaps so, but she has forgotten it now.

THE OLD MAN'S BOW.

Edwin Canton, Esq., the eminent surgeon, has just produced a volume which contains matter of interest for others than professional men—which everybody who reads may peruse, if not with pleasure, at any rate with profit. The volume is entitled, "On the Arcus Senilis," and is published by Mr. Hardwicke. The *Arcus Senilis*, or "Old Man's Bow," is a certain dull, white appearance, (sometimes like a ring, and at other times like a bow or segment of a circle), which manifests itself on the edge of the *cornea*, a dark part of the eye. This Mr. Canton has discovered to be, in point of fact, a fatty degeneration of the cornea; and he maintains that it is a never-failing symptom of failing health and a decaying constitution. It is, in truth, the first signal which nature displays to warn poor, weak human nature that it has been a little overtaxing itself, or that its time begins to run short. Surely this is as important for all of us to understand as the signals of Admiral Fitzroy portending dirty weather, are to the mariner. Some may object, however, *a quoi bon*, to know this? Why should we trouble ourselves about the irremediable and the inevitable? Our answer is, that the irremediable may be alleviated, and that the inevitable may be put off for awhile. Life is short enough for most of us to wish to avoid abbreviating it by our own ignorance or negligence. The *Arcus Senilis* (if Mr. Canton is to be believed), gives us the first warning of our danger, and cases are cited in the book, where people who have taken the warning thus given them, have, by paying better attention to their health, caused the threatening symptoms to disappear.

CHOCOLATE.

It was among the Mexicans that the Spaniards found the use of coffee established from time immemorial. They introduced it into their native land whence it soon passed into Italy. But it was not till the seventeenth century that it penetrated into France. According to a tradition, it is to Queen Marie-Therese that the French owe the popularization of chocolate. An officer of this princess obtained a monopoly for the sale of chocolate, and established himself in one of the principal thoroughfares at Paris. The use of chocolate spread with tolerable rapidity as a passage shows us in a letter of Madame de Sevigne to her daughter:—"You are not well; a little chocolate is sure to restore you; but you have not, as I have, a thousand times thought of the means of preparing it. How will you manage?" Medical science in this matter favored fashion, and in 1684 a physician of Paris, called Bachat, propounded at the schools of the faculty, during his presidency, a thesis to prove that chocolate well made is an "invention of the gods rather than Nectar and Ambrosia." This opinion was also that of Linnæus, who gave to cocoa the name of *Theobroma*, or food of the gods. Nevertheless, chocolate never acquired in France the same popularity as coffee. The reason of the difference, may, perhaps, be sought in the French organism. Suitable for the inhabitants of hot, dry countries, chocolate is too heavy for the man of the north. On the other hand, coffee excites him, stimulates him at the same time that it favors the development of his ideas. Chocolate is still less popular in England than in France, and it is not coffee but tea which is in England the prevailing beverage. Tea in France and coffee in England are almost equally undrinkable.

☞ An injury to the heart, from a bullet or knife, which is of such a character as not to allow the free escape of blood from the organ, will not cause immediate death, and if the cavity of the organ be not penetrated, or if the opening be so oblique as, by its valvular nature, to quite prevent the escape of blood, a complete recovery is by no means impossible.

THE WHITE WOLF.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. WALKER MACBETH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE COTTAGE.

No obstacle any longer hindered Jude from crossing the threshold. Broom-Blossom, in fact, in obeying her father's voice, stepped aside. Nevertheless the old equerry was in no hurry to profit by the permission given. He remained motionless, in the same place, fearing some snare, and demanding of himself who, this could be who affected to pronounce the name of Tremi, with love; and who said to him, "I am waiting for you." Was it a friend or a foe? And this cabin so inhospitable, which opened for him alone, did it not conceal some ambuscade? Jude was brave to rashness; but he devoted himself to the last wish of his master; he feared to die before having fulfilled it. However, his hesitation did not continue long. He entered the cabin. His eyes, habituated to the mid-day, did not distinguish anything at first.

"This way!" said the voice. The good equerry turned immediately his looks to that side, and saw in the thick shade which enfolded the bottom of the cottage two round points, luminous like the eyes of a wild cat. He advanced resolutely; a hand seized his, and drew him to a wooden bench. In this position, Judge found himself seated, turning his side to the strong light of day that came in by the opening. His eyes, getting gradually accustomed to the darkness, enabled him to distinguish the form of the cabin and its furniture. It was a large square chamber, without windows, or whose windows were very closely shut. The ceiling was so low, that the equerry was surprised that he had not touched it with his head when he was standing. In one of the angles opposite the door, an inclined board, covered with straw, served no doubt as a bed for one of the inhabitants of this poor retreat. The rest of the furniture consisted of two benches and some stools which surrounded a wooden table rudely planed. Nothing in all this that could serve for the sleeping place of a young girl. Marie must have some other retreat. Between Jude and the day there was the shadowy outline, wholly black, of a man seated like himself on the bench. The two round and luminous points that Jude had perceived in the obscurity were now between him and the day; they were the eyes of this man.

"Are you the charcoal-burner, Rouan?"

"I am he whom they call by that name, my comrade; and I repeat to you that you are welcome to my house. I was waiting for you."

"You know me then?"

"Perhaps very well, my man."

"For my part," said Jude, "I cannot say whether I know you or not, for I do not see your face at all."

Pelo rose in silence, took the hand of the other, and led him to the threshold. There he exposed fully his black face to the beams of the sun.

"I know you not!" said Jude, after having examined him attentively.

Pelo regained his first seat, and Jude followed him.

"You are right," said the charcoal-maker slowly. "You do not know me. This lodge was built long after the departure of Nicholas Tremi; but it was not in order to get me to speak of myself or of yourself that you left the castle to come here."

"That is true. I came to you—"

"You did well," interrupted Pelo Rouan; "and you always do well, Jude Leker, because your heart is faithful and loyal. As to the motive of your visit, you need not tell me; I know it."

"You know it!" repeated Jude with surprise.

"I know it. You come to ask me what I know of an unhappy idiot, whom they called John Blanc."

"Is he dead?" cried Jude.

"No. And you wish to hear news of him, in order to learn from him the fate of the heir of Tremi."

"It is true, it is quite true," murmured Jude, whose upright but dull nature was deeply moved by the strangeness of all this. "You who know the sole object of my life, who are you; in the name of God, who are you?"

"I am Rouan, the charcoal man," replied Pelo with simplicity; "a poor man whose obscure life was cruelly tried, a man who has some benefits to repay, and a good many outrages to avenge."

"And do you know anything of little Master George?"

The voice of Pelo was profoundly sad as he replied:

"I know nothing; nothing more than you know yourself. Would to heaven that the castle of Tremayne had kept its deposit as faithfully as the oak of the Wolf-Den!"

These last words made Jude leap from the bench.

"The oak at the Wolf Den," stammered he. If the obscurity had been less deep, one might have seen him change color two or three times in the space of a second. He took between his fingers of bronze the arm of the charcoal-maker, and shook it convulsively. "Whoever you be, you know too much," said he with a low and menacing voice.

The arm of Rouan was very fragile to belong to a man of his stature. The strength of Jude was so manifestly superior, that it seemed as if the good equerry had but a gesture to make to throw his host under his feet. Nevertheless Pelo kept a tranquil countenance and a haughty silence.

"Who has told you this?" continued Jude, in dreadful excitement. "Give your soul to God, for you have found out the secret of Tremi, and I am the guardian of that secret." Jude, not letting go the arm of Pelo, grasped at his sword. But, whilst he was drawing it, the thin arm of Pelo turned between his fingers, the muscles of that arm became like steel, Jude wished to grasp the arm more tightly, and his fingers struck against the palm of his own hand, which was empty. With a bound Pelo crossed the whole length of the lodge; Jude saw only the red glare of his eyes which shone from a distance in the gloom. Jude threw himself headlong to that side; the sound of two pistols with which Pelo was arming himself did not stop him; but in his career he struck his foot against an overturned stool and fell heavily to the ground. At the same instant the knee of Rouan rested on his throat.

"If you rise you will kill me," said the charcoal man, calmly; "for that reason, if you try to rise, I will kill you."

Jude felt on his temple the cold muzzle of a pistol.

"Age has not changed you," Pelo continued; "brave heart, narrow brain! What do you fear I shall do with your secret? If the hundred thousand livres had tempted me, would they be still in the hollow of the oak?"

"That is true," said Jude; "but I do not know who you are."

"Perhaps you will never know; what about that? I show you that I am the friend of Tremi; and Tremi, living or dead, has too few friends for two of them not to explain themselves to each other before mutual slaughter, when a wise Providence brings them together."

"I am at your mercy," murmured Jude. "God grant that you be a sincere friend of Tremi."

Pelo took off his knee, and Jude rose.

"Put up your sword," said the charcoal-burner; "I have confidence in you, although you are the valet of a Frenchman."

"He is a brave youth."

"An enemy of Brittany, and mine. But I shall not talk of him; he will be reckoned with one of these days. Let us return to Tremi."

Jude sheathed his sword, and the two sat down anew without the slightest mistrust, near each other.

"You have been generous," said Jude, "for I made a rude attack on you. Therefore I shall not ask you who made you master of our lord's secret. With you it is safe. Shake hands, if you please."

"With all my heart, my friend. John Blanc has often spoke to me of you. You were kind to the poor insane man. In the old times, he knew only to render good for good. Since then, he has learned to revenge oppression, and he has grown strong."

"Is he now no longer silly, then?" demanded Jude.

"The all-wise God sometimes sends trials so severe that wise men become mad; but such shocks have been known to restore the insane to reason. John Blanc is no fool now."

"Does he remember things long since past?"

"He remembers everything."

"I must see him," cried Jude.

"See John Blanc!" said the other, in a strange voice. "It has been many a day since any one has seen him face to face. Trust yourself to me; be satisfied with putting your questions to me. He can tell you nothing that I cannot. Many a time has he laid open his heart and his recollections to me. Do you wish me to tell you of the base assassination at the pond of Tremlays? Methinks I see the infamous Hervey de Vannoy!"

"Tell me, tell me," cried Jude, interrupting him eagerly.

Pelo went minutely over the details, known to the reader, of the attempted murder, of the intervention of John Blanc, of his access of insanity, of the disappearance of the boy, of the overwhelming grief of the Albino.

"But why did he not search on all sides?" broke in Jude.

"His mind at that moment was feeble. He remained on the damp ground till the next morning, without strength, without thought. Then, next day, he ran, he searched, but he found nothing; not a trace. Yet perhaps little George still lives, and, Providence aiding us, we may yet find him. John Blanc had in his possession one of those copper medals which formerly they struck at Vitry in honor of our Lady of Mid-Forest. It was the only heritage left him by his mother. When the fit was coming on him, that dreadful evening, he felt it coming, and pious amid it all, he put this medal round the child's neck, in order to place him under the protection of Heaven."

"But there are so many medals."

"This of John Blanc's had, on the reverse, a cross cut out with a knife; and Matthew Blanc, his father, possessed the only one like it, which is now round the neck of Marie."

Marie, who was going on with her honeysuckle basket, on hearing her name uttered, looked in at the door, to which she ran up.

"The daughter of—" began Jude.

"Silence!" interrupted the charcoal-burner, "she thinks herself my daughter. Come here, Marie."

She obeyed, and Pelo taking the medal that hung at her neck, put it in the hands of the old equerry. The latter turned it round on every side.

"God, my God, grant that I may meet the one like it," murmured he devoutly. "I would know it now among a thousand; yet it is a poor guide."

Marie went away, at a sign from Pelo, and was soon heard singing out of doors the sweet melodies she loved.

"Poor John Blanc was blessed," said Jude, "in giving birth to so sweet a daughter."

"He was ugly, it is true," replied the charcoal-maker; "yet God permitted an angel to view him without disgust. Marie is the living portrait of her mother. But I have not yet told you all; there is still one chance of finding the heir of Tremi; this chance, very precarious, it is true, may lead to something, with John Blanc's aid. Your face tells me you think he cannot but be useless. I will tell you then, where his strength lies, and what he may do for the son of Tremi."

CHAPTER XXV.

EIGHT MEN AND A COLLECTOR.

The last words of Rouan had galvanized the heart of the old equerry. When one desires ardently, lost hope quickly becomes full of life again, and the simple possibility of which Pelo spoke sent courage into Jude's heart. He drew nearer, so as not to lose a word, and waited in silence the disclosure to be made. But Pelo had fallen into a reverie, and said not a word. At length he went on:—

"It was some months after the disappearance of the child. Pontchartrain was still Comptroller of the tax, and his agents had never dared as yet to penetrate into the retreats of the poor people of the forest. One morning as John Blanc was cutting wood for his hoops from a high chestnut, at that part of the wood of Bouexis that skirted the road to Rennes, he saw a numerous cavalcade making its way into the depths of the forest. There were soldiers fully armed; there were also some of those leeches clad in black, whose trade we were doomed too soon to learn. Before the troop marched two gentlemen. It might have been a company of townspeople, of nobles, and of soldiers, on their way towards France; but John Blanc believed he recognized in one of the gentlemen, who rode in front, the base Hervey de Vannoy. Now, after the adventure with the child, John Blanc, who could not bridle his tongue, had sent abroad certain rumors that made Vannoy his sworn enemy. When John saw this wretch followed by soldiers, he could not avoid a vague terror. He thought of his father, who lay alone in the hut at the Wolf-Den, and he glided from branch to branch to make out, if he could, where the cavalcade was going to. It stopped not far from here, at the cross of Mid-Forest. The soldiers stretched themselves on the grass; the cup went round from hand to hand. As to the fellows in black, they stood round the two gentlemen, and held a kind of council. John got as near as he could. They spoke, but he could not hear. However he saw distinctly the hypocritical face of Vannoy. He overheard too one word, only one; the name of his father. He crept under the boughs nearer still to them. He heard that the men in black were come into the forest to despoil the huts in the name of the King of France; that the soldiers were there to assassinate those who resisted.

"He has money," cried Vannoy; "this pretended beggar, Matthew Blanc; I know it for certain. I will go with you to his hut. A few strokes of the sword will force him to tell where he has hidden it."

They then went forward on their way to Matthew Blanc's. Now, Vannoy had hit on the truth. There were some pieces of gold in Matthew's lodge—the remains of the last alms of Nicholas Tremi, given as he was leaving Brittany for ever.

When John reached his home, he found his father, long sick and very feeble, suffering less than usual. The gold of Tremi lay on their rude table. John had not the sense to hide it. What he did hide was the old musket used by his father when a soldier, a good weapon, that carries far and sure. John threw it among the brambles behind the house, with the powder horn and some balls. Then he returned to seat himself by the pillow of his father. Some minutes passed. A dull noise resounded from the distance on the mossy paths of the forest. John knew that the horsemen were nearing the ravine. He rushed to the hole which served as a window; he lifted the coarse cloth to look out; there were eight soldiers, Hervey de Vannoy, and a collector. They knocked violently at the door. John opened it to them; even before the man in black had time to cry:—

"In the King's name!"

The soldiers poured in tumultuously, followed by Vannoy, who kept pondering on the threshold. The collector drew a bill from his pocket and read some words which John understood not; then he cried:—

"Matthew Blanc, I summon you to pay six hundred livres for tax in arrears and at present due for ten years."

Matthew turned on his trembling bed his stared at all these armed men with haggard eyes full of death. The collector repeated his summons, and the soldiers pounding on the table, made the pennants of their swords ring on it.

"I am thirsty, John," said the old man feebly.

The heart of John was rent with anguish; for agony was written on the blanched features of his aged father. He would have taken the cordial that was on the table, but one of the soldiers raised his sword and made the vessel fly into splinters.

"Let him pay first," said the soldiers; "after that, he may drink."

Vannoy who was on the threshold, began to laugh. John's teeth were clenched; he could not speak; he pointed to the purse; the collector grasped it.

"I told you they had gold," grumbled Vannoy, laughing all the time.

The collector counted four louis, and demanded the four livres—the very small remainder.

"I am thirsty!" murmured Matthew, from whom now came the death-rattle.

John threw himself on his knees before a soldier who carried a canteen. The soldier understood and had compassion, but Vannoy, advancing, threw the Albino aside with hatred.

"Let him pay," said he.

"I have nothing," sobbed John; nothing, on my salvation! Kill me, but take pity on my father!"

Matthew made an effort to rise; he choked it was horrible to see it.

"I am thirsty!" he gasped.

Then he fell back dead on the straw on which he lay.

When John Blanc comes to die he will feel no such agony as he did at that moment. Before him was the face of his dead father. He knelt by the bed, unheeding the ten wretches who mocked his anguish. But not long did they suffer him to forget their presence.

"Come, clown," said the collector, "the four livres you owe the King!"

John Blanc rose and found himself face to to face with these men who had just killed his father. One moment he thought his weak brain would burst asunder; his insanity pressed in on him; he felt the approaches of delirium; but a force unknown and new to him, suddenly gave him strength. His vacillating mind grew firm. He felt himself a man after his long infancy; this was like a drop of joy in the midst of his incalculable grief.

"Hack!" he cried, with a voice that had nothing of his former feebleness. The soldiers put themselves between him and the door; but he had exceeding agility; he threw himself out of the window hole and disappeared in the underwood.

"Fire!" cried Vannoy; "kill him, or he will take his revenge!"

Some shots were fired, but the Albino was not touched, though he was scarcely twenty paces off. Then, furious at seeing one of his victims escape him, Vannoy, that man with face sweet and smiling, who can stab without a frown, ordered them to fire the lodge; and soon thick flames surrounded the death-bed of the old servant of Tremi.

John stirred not as long as the assassins remained around the hut, laughing like savages and blaspheming like demons. When they withdrew, he hastened from his lurking place, went into the burning hut and took the corpse out of doors, that he might give it, later, a Christian burial. He offered up no prayer; scarcely did he kiss, hurriedly, the brow of the dead man, dried by the hot wind of the fire; he had not time; he seized the gun that he had concealed; he rushed after the murderers. Soon he overtook them. A shot was heard from the covert; the collector fell dead.

Vannoy grew paler than the corpse of Matthew Blanc. He trembled.

"Let us make haste; let us make haste," they said.

They did make haste, but at the instant another shot came; the soldier who had broken on the table the vessel that held the old man's cordial, uttered a cry and sank on the moss. They galloped off. But he knew far better than they the windings of his forest home, and soon overtook them, to take aim at Vannoy this time, having put two balls into his gun. A good weapon, I told you, and John a first-rate marksman. The new owner of Tremlays came full in sight. John's soul was in his eyes; nothing in the world could save Vannoy. Yet he regained his castle unhurt. Why? John did not fire. For the remembrance of Tremi came over his soul at that moment, and he wished not, even to avenge his father to destroy the last chance of discovering the fate of little George.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FIT OF EPILEPSY.

The voice of Pelo Rouan had been hoarse whilst he recounted John Blanc's terrible

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paunch of the taxing party. His respirations heaved his breast painfully; his red eyes shone with a frightful brilliancy. But when he spoke of Tremi, his tones became solemn, and lost that savage emphasis which had thrown so much emotion into the other parts of his recital. After a pause he continued:—

"The difficulty is not to slay this villain, De Vannoy; many a time has John Blanc, after this first occasion, had good opportunity to send him a message of death, but the object is to have him living alone, without defence, and then say to him:—

"'Speak or die—tell all you know of George Tremi, or die!'

"John Blanc will try to bring this about."

"And I will aid him in it," said Jude.

Pelo took Jude's hand and shook it cordially.

"But this service of yours to Captain Didier?" demanded he.

"Next to the service of Tremi—that is agreed upon between him and me."

"Take care," said Pelo sternly; "take care how you trust a Frenchman with the secret of a Breton."

"He is noble, he is good; I answer for him," replied Jude.

"Yes, after the French fashion; exactly good and noble enough not to be ashamed to deceive shamefully a poor girl. But, the war that exists between this Captain of yours and me does not affect you. Let me go on."

When John Blanc returned to the Wolf-Den, he forgot Tremi and everything else, to abandon himself to his sorrow. For two days he buried himself about the interment of his father, and Matthew had a Christian burial. This duty accomplished, he did not think of returning to his hut, whose ruins recalled to him such heart-breaking remembrances. He traversed the whole extent of the forest, and hid himself on the opposite border of the wood, on the side towards Saint Aubin du Cormier. He roamed alone among the thickets, always sad, and more than ever struck by the hand of God; for his insanity, on leaving him, had left some cruel marks behind. He was subject to that dreadful evil which frightens the crowd, and repels pity itself; he was epileptic. It was amidst this suffering, sullen and hopeless, that happiness came to seek him out; a happiness so great that one can scarcely hope for anything more complete in Heaven itself—but a happiness, alas, very short, and which when it expired in eclipse left him in a deeper night than ever. It came in the shape of a young girl, sweet, virtuous, amiable. Full of gentle pity, she did not run away the first time he spoke to her; she permitted him to sit by her cottage fire; when he was thirsty, she gave him of the milk of her goat; her deep pity for him warmed into love; and one day he dared to say to her: "I love you," and did not say it in vain. Marie is the daughter of these twain. But after two years of the happiest married life, Vannoy discovered his retreat; his cottage was burned down by the soldiers, his wife perished in the flames. Yes, that was her doom. He took his child in his arms; he sought a new hidingplace in a different part of the forest. The sight of the spot where his father was murdered, revived old wrongs, and gave deeper bitterness to new ones. He found the people of the forest lifting their heads, and trying to oppose force to force. They inhabited their huts by day; at night they were beginning to hold meetings in the great subterranean caves of the Wolf-Den; the mouth of which John Blanc had discovered, behind the two ruined windmills; and which he now showed to them. It was at that time I settled here; taking from certain Wolves I need not mention, the daughter of John Blanc to bring up. To close this account, far too long, he has great influence with the Wolves; some even whisper that he is their chief. But if it be so that he is now a man of power, he is still more a man of grief; nay, I, his most intimate friend, cannot speak of his wrongs unmoved. You must leave me now; when the fit hour comes, I will know how to find you.

"Leave me now—and quickly."

Jude obeyed this rather peremptory request; took horse again, and made for Rennes, where he was to meet with his new master. Scarcely was he gone, when a severe attack of illness fell upon Pelo. It was epilepsy that convulsed him. When Broom-Blossom entered the hut, which she did soon after Jude's departure, she found her father on the ground, the prey to a furious access of his distemper. She seemed familiar with such scenes; for she attended him most tenderly indeed, but without any appearance of surprise. By the light of the lamp she lit, one would have discovered that the cabin was less miserable than you would have thought it when shrouded in gloom. In a corner was a door that led to Marie's apartment. Above the mantelpiece of the chimney hung a pair of pistols, and a heavy musket of old fashion. A clock also stood in a corner.

When Pelo's illness was at its worst, some one knocked at the outer door in a peculiar way, and Broom-Blossom opened it without hesitation. The man who entered was in the usual costume of the forest peasants, and wore on his face the mask of which we have spoken so often.

"Where is the master," said he.

Broom-Blossom pointed out Pelo to him. The new comer let an oath escape his lips; and seated himself, murmuring, on the bench. The attack lasted a long time. From minute to minute, the man looked at the clock, with impatience. When the index had made the round of the dial, he rose, striking his foot violently on the ground.

"Here is a most unlucky fit," said he. "Please tell your father that Yaume is here waiting for him, and that Pelo Rouan will be sorry all his days at not being able to turn to use the hour which is passing."

As the man, who was a Wolf, said these words, Pelo heaved a long sigh, and stretched out his contracted limbs.

"He is coming to himself," cried Marie, who held a phial to his lips, out of which he drank eagerly. After drinking, he passed his hand over his forehead to wipe away the sweat; and rose with his daughter's aid. On seeing the Wolf, he started.

"Leave us," he said.

She obeyed, but slowly.

"What has happened?" demanded Pelo.

Yaume threw a distrustful look towards Marie, and uttered some words in a low tone.

"Is it so?" cried Pelo; stretching himself to his full height. "Heaven at last has doomed this man." At the same time he made as if to dart towards the door. Yaume held him back.

"I doubt much, master, but this will be a great disappointment to you. The hour for business is long passed.

Pelo struck his hands violently together, and sat down on the bench.

"What have they done?" demanded he.

Yaume uttered the first words of his reply, always in a low voice, just as Marie was shutting behind her the door of her retreat. By chance, one of these words fell on her ear. She changed color, left the door partly unclosed, and put her ear to the opening. For the word she had overheard was the name of the young Captain.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN ORIGINAL WAY OF MAKING LOVE.

That very day the Marquis of Nointal had resolved to strike a decisive blow for the heart of his beautiful enemy; so it was he called Miss de Vannoy. He slept no more than two hours after breakfast, and gained immediately, in all haste, the kitchens of the castle, where he asked, with earnest voice, for the chief cook. Bechameil made himself at home at Vannoy's. It was a loss to him in this important emergency, that he was deprived of the precious counsels of the Jew Salomon Bador, his cook, of whom the memoirs of the time speak with admiration; and so he was constrained to have recourse solely to the inspirations of his own genius. Happily, his genius was particularly fertile in all that appertains to the kitchen, and his most imbittered foes were not able to deny this truth: that Nature had given the Comptroller very brilliant cooking gifts, and that he possessed all the acquirements to make him a very king of scullions.

No one but desires to show off all his excellencies in the eyes of her he loves. Bechameil had no beams to set his mistress on fire, as Jupiter had; his personal beauty was not very dazzling; his eloquence not that of Cicero; so leaving the common paths of vulgar gallantry, he resolved to storm the heart of Miss de Vannoy definitely and by a single great stroke; with the aid of blancmange the most exquisite, and original, which Alice should be the first of mortals to taste, and which should immortalise her name in the ages of the future. For he meant to name it after her—a compliment who that loved fame could resist?

But whilst the Marquis thought and toiled in the kitchen, with his sleeves tucked up, and his wig thrown aside, the lady in question wasted not a sigh on him. She sat in the little parlor working at her embroidery with wandering attention; Miss Olive did the same; but the last named had taken care to place herself between three mirrors, in such a way that, to which side soever she turned her head, she might be sure to perceive in all its ambitious magnificence, the imposing edifice of her head dress. She tried in vain to engage her niece in conversation. The young lady gave little heed; every topic broke down after a few words.

"My child," said the aunt at last, after an effort to keep silence for the greater part of a minute—"I implore you to tell me where your mind has been wandering for the last hour?"

Alice lifted her large eyes slowly to her aunt.

"I quite agree with you," said she, speaking at hazard. She then rose, bowed to her aunt, and went out.

She traversed the corridor rapidly, and gained her chamber, where she walked up and down with troubled steps.

"I wish to see him," said she, after some minutes of thoughtful silence.

She rang for Renee, her chamber-maid, who hastily putting an end to an interesting conversation with Yvon, ascended the stairs by three steps at a time.

"Find out Lapierre," said Alice, "I must speak with him immediately."

Renee went out on her errand, and an instant after Lapierre was introduced into the apartment. At sight of him Alice could not restrain a gesture of extreme disgust. He entered hat in hand, but keeping on his countenance that expression of cool effrontery so natural to him.

"You called me, Miss?"

Alice sat down and gave Renee a sign to leave. For a moment she was silent, and looked down as if she hesitated to begin what she had to say.

"Do you desire much to remain in Mr. de Vannoy's service?"

Another would have been astonished at this blunt question; but Lapierre preserved his coolness.

"Exceedingly, Miss," he replied.

"It is a pity," said Alice, regaining her firmness, "for I have resolved to remove you from it."

"You, Miss?"

"I."

"And am I permitted to ask you—"

"No!"

Lapierre looked down to hide a smile. Alice noticed this, and reddened.

"You will quit Tremlays," continued she, stifling an exclamation of contemptuous anger; "it must be so; to-day you will leave it; this instant. If you withdraw willingly, I will pay you for your obedience. If you resist, I will get my father to drive you out. Do you desire this gold?"

"Yes; but I wish to remain, at least, till Miss deigns to tell me," said he, with a tone of impudent irony, "how a poor soul like me can have drawn on him the hatred of a daughter of this noble house."

"My hatred!" repeated Alice, all her features expressing the most profound contempt; "you lose the respect ——. But I will tell you why you remaining in this house is henceforth impossible. You are an assassin. I know not what there can be in common between a man like you and Captain Didier; I cannot form an idea what impelled you to the crime, but certain it is, that you are he who attacked him by night, a year ago, in the streets of Rennes."

"You are mistaken, Miss."

Alice drew from her bosom a copper medal.

"The lie is useless," she continued. "It was I who dressed your wound when you returned to the house, and I found on you this medal, which I know belonged to Captain Didier; you stole it from him, thinking no doubt that it was of gold. Do you still deny?"

"What would be the use of denying now?" said he.

"Then you will not refuse to quit the castle?"

"Oh, yes, young lady, refuse I must."

"But, wretch, your insolence is mere madness. Do you not fear lest I denounce you to my father?"

Lapierre burst into a laugh. Alice rose indignantly.

"This is too much," said she, "so soon as my father returns—"

"Who knows when your father will return, Miss?" said Lapierre in a low voice.

"What do you mean?" demanded the young lady, seized with a vague anxiety.

Lapierre opened his mouth to speak, but he restrained himself, and called back to his lips his smile of careless irony.

"We are all mortal," said he bowing, "and every one is exposed to perish seven times each day—that is all I mean to tell you. As to your threat, it is uttered; we will say no more about; but keep back for the future, I conjure you, those menaces you might be tempted to address to me. You must feel it to be painful and humiliating to threaten a valet like me, in vain."

"But," cried Alice, whom this long provocation exasperated, "I do not threaten in vain. Mr. de Vannoy will know all."

"Change the time. I know a little of grammar. For the future, use the present, and you will have spoken the truth, Miss."

"I do not understand you," stammered Alice, who became pale.

"Yes, Miss, you perfectly understand me. Do not force me to go to extremes, or to enter on details."

"Explain yourself," said Alice with an effort.

"If you wish it. The exquisite good sense that distinguishes you, made you divine at once that hatred could not exist between an honest fellow like me and a fatherless child, like Captain Didier; no such hatred, in fact, exists. But fate has been unjust to me in this matter. I am but a servant. The hatred of another I had to make my own. To earn my wages, I had to draw my sword as if I really hated."

"You lie!" interrupted Alice, stunned. "Dare you accuse my father?"

"I! I have not uttered the respectable name of Mr. Hervey de Vannoy. But put it that I lie, if you like it better so; let this be enough, you have an interest, I take it, in the Captain; do not lose your time in threatening a man whom you cannot frighten. I am but an instrument. Stop the arm of him who sets me in motion—and if ever your father returns, act without the loss of a minute."

At these words he bowed profoundly, and took his leave. Alice did not hear his last words distinctly; but she understood all. "My father! my father!" murmured she, sobbing; "I will not believe it." Yet she had a horrible conviction in her soul. It was her father who had ordered the assassination of Didier. Why? She rose, trembling, and rang the bell. She wished to meet Didier, to counsel him to flee from a house where his life was in danger. But how to speak to him without accusing her father?

When Renee came, she found her mistress under a dangerous attack of fever; at moments she was even delirious; manifestly a serious, if not fatal illness. All Bechamell's pains in the kitchen were thrown away. At the dinner hour, no one met him at the table, for Miss Olive was attending on Alice. His grand and original love-stroke was thrown away.

An hour after, Lapierre and the major-domo met by chance in the hall. "He will not return," said Lapierre. "We must lose no time. This Captain Didier has a generous heart and open hand; he will buy our goods at a good price."

Three heavy knocks came to the gate. The two leaped from their chairs. "It is Vannoy," said the major-domo. "Or Didier," replied Lapierre. "If it is Didier, shall we speak to him about all this?" "We will," replied the major-domo. "But I bet it is Vannoy. Let us bet. A crown on Vannoy." "A crown that it is Didier."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AMONG THE WOLVES.

At the hour when Pelo Rouan was giving to Jude the history narrated some time ago, a man enveloped in a large mantle was descending cautiously the slope of the ravine at Wolf-Den. He threw unquiet looks furtively around him, and seemed to be conscious of an inevitable danger. Nevertheless, he continued to advance. When he came to the bottom of the ravine, before the great hollow oak where Nicholas Tremi once buried his iron chest, he paused to take breath. "Have they not seen me then?" murmured he, while his teeth chattered with terror. His sight must have been impeded by the feverish emotion that made his every limb tremble under his cloak, else he would have expressed no such doubt, for, on several sides, heads began to show themselves through the branches. At the moment when the stranger was about to recommence his approach, going straight on towards the lodge of Matthew Blanc, three or four men, masked, sprang out of the brambles, fell on him, and bore him to the earth in the twinkling of an eye. "Who are you?" demanded one of them, putting his foot on the stranger's breast.

In spite of his fear, the latter seemed no way surprised, and tried to conceal his visage. "My good friends, do not maltreat me. I do not come here by chance."

"A spy of the tax-gatherer," cried a chorus of Wolves. "We must hang him."

"My excellent friends, do not commit such an enormity. I came here for your good. Bandage my eyes, that I may see nothing you wish to conceal, and lead me to your chief."

The Wolves consulted together.

"Mean while," said a cooper, of the name of Levaudre, we must, at the least of it, see his figure."

He pulled away the cloak. The four Wolves drew back, in inexpressible surprise.

"The master of Tremlays," cried they all together. Vannoy, for it was he, tried to smile.

"The master of Tremlays, in person, my good friends."

"We are no friends of yours," murmured Levaudre, with a low and menacing voice; "are you so ignorant of the paths of the forest, as to have taken by accident a route that leads you straight to death?"

"Come now," stammered Vannoy, "you jest. You will not kill a man who brings you wealth and success."

"You lie, as you always do," cried one, but you do not escape us this time."

Levaudre took off a rope coiled round his waist, and threw one end of it, forming a running noose, over one of the lower limbs of the hollow oak. The rope came down quite near Vannoy's pale face, who by this time had lost the use of his tongue. It could not be said that he had engaged in his perilous enterprise without consideration; but though he had laboriously calculated all the chances, he had not laid stress enough on his own cowardice; and that cowardice was about to destroy him. He had set out from Tremlays in one of those moments of resolute despair, when the most timid become the most rash. His hatred for Didier, or to speak more correctly, his passionate desire to throw out of his path this stone of stumbling, that was a constant obstacle in his way, had concealed part of the risk from him, by holding up to his view the chances of success as a good deal stronger than they really were. He could do nothing by himself against Didier, officer of the king, and his official guest, yet Didier must be put out of the way. Especially at this season of the year, when the Parliament busied itself daily with researches into the titles to nobility, it was needful for Vannoy to secure, at what cost soever, the support of Bechamell, on whose decision absolutely depended his retaining the rich domain he had usurped. If but he could use the Wolves as his instruments. But now, when he had encountered them, he was like a man, through terror, dead beforehand; like those unfortunates who, thrown from the height of a high tower, expire, we are told, before they strike the ground. One seized him in his arms, while another made a noose at the end of the rope. Vannoy allowed the rope to pass round his neck without resistance. Only when the halter hurt his throat, he rolled around him his staring eyes, and uttered a stifled groan.

"Haul away!" cried Levaudre.

The feet of the miserable man were lifted from the ground. The anticipations of Lapierre were on the point of fulfillment; but at the moment when the face of the victim was passing from purple to black, under the effects of the strangulation, a fifth person bounded out of the brambles.

"Come here, little Yaume," the others cried; "come and see the last grin of an acquaintance of yours."

This Yaume was an enormous fellow, six feet high and limbed like a giant. He hastily looked at the sufferer, and recognised him in spite of the hideous distortion of his features.

"You blind badgers," he blurted out; "are you going to kill him?" With a stroke of his hunting-knife he cut the cord.

Vannoy fell like a dead mass, and sunk on the ground.

"Do you not know," cried Yaume to his comrades, "how stupidly you act? Death by the cord! No! our master has some business with him before that, which would be too easy a death for him."

Meanwhile Vannoy had regained his senses, and was writhing on the grass.

"Up with you, then," cried one of the men, pushing him with his foot. It seemed as if, by a kind of reaction, this first danger, miraculously escaped from, had restored to him his strength of mind.

"Keep your people from injuring me," said he. "This cord has nearly made you lose five hundred thousand livres."

"Five hundred thousand livres!" they cried, amazed.

"Lead me to your chiefs," he said with a tone of authority. They tied a bandage round his eyes, and pushed him on towards the western slope of the ravine. He soon felt a cold damp atmosphere on his cheeks; at the same time the dim light, which in spite of the bandage, reached his eyes, disappeared altogether. Soon he was descending the steps of a kind of ladder almost perpendicular; then his conductors lifted him in their arms; carried him for some seconds cautiously, and at length placed him on his feet. He heard the noise of confused voices, and perceived a strong odor of tobacco and brandy. They then took off the bandage.

He was in the den of the Wolves; in their eating hall; he was in time for the dessert. The red glare of a half-dozen of torches that shone around him, at first dazzled his eyes, habituated to the darkness. The deafening cries of a thousand throats recently drenched with strong waters did not confuse him. He needed all his newly found firmness; on all sides rose energetic threats of death. But speedily ensued a comparative silence. One of those who had led him to this secret spot pronounced four magic words that wrought like a charm, as they passed from mouth to mouth.

"Five hundred thousand livres!" said they on all sides. These cries of good augury reanimated Vannoy better than all cordials could have done; his fear wholly left him. He saw that the motive presented to them had taken effect. The spectacle that broke on his sight, as his eyes grew accustomed to the sombre blaze of the torchlight, was not one, however, much adapted to carry a sense of security to its height. He was exactly in the centre of a numerous assembly, the groups of which, scattered here and there without order, around the benches that were supported by stakes fixed in the earth, were drinking, eating, and smoking. The light, radiating from a single centre, grew feeble as it spread, so that the greater part of the crowd, fantastically plunged in a vacillating twilight, assumed in the distance physiognomies strange and almost diabolic. It was not possible to calculate, even approximately, the number present; the outermost ranks half disappeared in the shade, and seemed to be prolonged beyond the reach of the eye; and when a chance movement or the twinkling of a torch widened the circle of light, you might have seen from all sides start forth new shapes of drinkers or of smokers.

Here and there, in the crowd, Vannoy recognized some face of cooper or of maker of wooden shoes, often met by him in the woods. Two or three Wolves had kept on their masks, and notwithstanding the perpetual flux and reflux of glare and gloom, Vannoy thought he could affirm that these Wolves, who persisted in keeping on their masks, had substantial reasons for so doing in his presence; they wore the livery of Tremlays.

In the middle of the hall, grotto, or cavern—for seeing neither walls nor ceiling, Vannoy could not give the place a precise name, stood a table better finished than the others; around it sat eight old Wolves of great experience, who were no doubt the senators of this grotesque republic. As to the dictator, the famous White Wolf, whose renown was so wide spread, Vannoy sought for him in vain. He could not discover him by any external sign, and concluded that he was absent.

At the end of some minutes, one of the old men, ordered silence, by a gesture, and turned to Vannoy, who put forth every effort to retain his presence of mind and regain all his coolness.

"Why come you to the Wolf-Den?" demanded the old man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PAMPERING THE RISING GENERATION.

We remember certain wise old-fashioned family rules which are sadly missed now; "Children should be seen and not heard;" still less "to intrude their opinions, or contradict older persons." We had then none of those forward, precocious little prigs who, by a foolish parental vanity, are now encouraged to be prominent, and to be over restless till they are observed. Again, we remember that all luxuries were regarded as rare treats, and often heard, "You are not to expect what your elder brothers have." So there was a settled principle that children should be kept in their proper places, and not think too much of themselves. In all these little things they were taught self-denial, where now they are led to think the world all made for them. The whole of kindness seems to be to pamper and indulge till children are cloyed beyond the sphere of simple pleasures. The child's dance, with all the instincts of the little feet and coquette, now takes the place of the old-fashioned Christmas gambols in which children were happy without vanity, and did not retire fevered with late hours after a stimulus that made them yearn for dissipation and excitement far from natural to their years.

Charles Lamb said, "The poor do not bring their children up; they *drag* them up." So we do not bring them up; we *force* them up. All is precocious; the simplicity of childhood is gone. We see all the airs and artifice of little men and women.

A father of our own standing, when examining into the habits and extravagance of a youth at Cheltenham College—not that the habits there are above the average of modern boys—exclaimed, "Why, this is the extravagance of Oxford, not of school. Our temptations used to be in tarts and apples, bats, balls, and marbles; now you have fancy ties, studs, and all kinds of foppery, with liquors and confectioners' bills!" The luxury of Eton is now dangerously great. Imagine a boy writing to his father that "if he wished him to do the right sort of thing, he must send him a case of champagne"—and having it! To visit a friend's son at school is now an expensive piece of attention. Shillings and halfcrowns used to be handsome; now nothing less than gold is expected. Two or three sovereigns are now as commonly given to take to school as from ten to fifteen shillings used to be.

These are among "the advantages of the rising generation." If such affluence were the measure of our national prosperity—if sovereigns could be as easily made by the man as squandered by the boy—it were something; but surely it is a cruel kindness where a curacy and a hundred a year, or a commission with little more than the pay, or seven years of brieflessness at the bar, or, perhaps, the expense of London living on the salary of an official, is the sphere for which such a youth of prodigality and indulgence is the supposed preparation.—*English paper.*

☞ A man named O'Neil did a good business recently with a recruit in Boston. First he got him to enlist, and received two hundred dollars bounty. He then induced him to desert, shaved off his whiskers, and enlisted him again, getting two hundred dollars more. He got the soldier to desert a second time, put a wig on him, and enlisted him in another company, pocketing an additional two hundred dollars. The fourth time, while he was rewigging him, the pair were caught.

☞ Maximilian's Duchess is said to be of surpassing beauty. A correspondent of the London Times, describing an audience, says the members of the deputation were struck with amazement when they heard her, beaming with beauty and freshness, keep up the conversation in the purest Castilian. The enthusiasm of these gentlemen reached the highest pitch, for, on leaving the presence, one of them declared that "the very sight of this incomparable Princess would be worth to her august husband an army of forty thousand men; and that there was not a single partisan of Juarez who, at the aspect of the Archduchess Charlotte, would not become an enthusiastic imperialist."

☞ According to a recent traveller, the poor classes of English girls who emigrate to Capetown (Africa,) readily marry the Mahommedan workingmen of that place, who make good and sober husbands. The wives soon adopt the religious notions of their spouses, mount the Fez, and keep the Friday Sabbatha.

☞ To grow up to the skies we must be planted low in the dust.

☞ Well-behaved boys may be called younkers; but rude and vulgar ones are nothing but young-curs.

☞ SENSIBLE JAPANESE.—The Paris *Patrie* publishes extracts from what purports to be a journal of the Japanese Ambassadors, printed on their return to Jeddo. Speaking of the fair portion of the community, the Ambassadors say: "Of the French women, some are very handsome, for example, the Empress. They are, however, in general, far less so than the American."

☞ The oldest rose tree in Europe is at Hildesheim, in Hanover. It was planted in the ninth century by Louis the Pious, and in 1078 Bishop Hezilo had a wall built around the tree to protect it. It has lately put forth new shoots from the old roots, one of which is twelve feet high and nearly an inch in diameter.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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Our Recent Glorious Victories.

The brilliant and hard-earned triumphs of our troops in the vicinity of Chattanooga, have turned all eyes in that direction, and caused all loyal hearts to throb with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow—joy at those splendid achievements of our army, resulting as they have in the grandest and most signal victory of the whole war; and sorrow at the thought of the thousands of brave men who, with agonising wounds, pine in hospital tents for the articles of comfort that a grateful people are ready to pour out with unstinting hand, but which the unreliable means of transportation possessed in that region, render it impossible to forward to them in sufficient quantities. Thoughts of their sufferings, and of the untold grief of myriads of homes made desolate by these battles, serve to temper and keep down the exuberance of joy which, at the first official tidings of victory, seemed to burst forth in one throb of exultation from the heart of the nation.

For a second time, during the present year, have we kept a festival peculiar to our Republic, cheered by the thrilling news of important and decisive victories. Hereafter the Fourth of July not only commemorates the deeds of our Revolutionary ancestors, but of the brave volunteers of our own day, before whose prowess Vicksburg surrendered, and who made the bloody battle-field of Gettysburg, with its hosts of slain, to lie like a rampart between us and destruction. And hereafter, upon the day of the National Thanksgiving, the hearts of the people will be moved by the memory of the pæans of rejoicing that seemed this year to go up with the organ's swelling peals, as the noble words of the President's Hymn were sung upon Thanksgiving Day, in all our churches and our homes. It was truly a day of thanksgiving and praise to our heavenly Father, who is leading us by a way that we know not, into the thrice-blessed reign of order, peace, and freedom; and to whom we look for that final victory, which shall restore to us the national authority, the supremacy of law, and the triumph of humanity.

THE RICHMOND PRISONERS.

Day after day are our feelings harrowed anew by recitals of the barbarities inflicted upon our Union soldiers at Richmond. Time and again have we said, "If we were men instead of women, we would raise an army and march to their rescue, or perish in the attempt." The people of Richmond expected that the North would rise *en masse;* and how their papers exult over the fact that the only consequence among us of these indignities has been the bringing of our government to terms. Once stalwart men returned to us reduced by starvation to mere skeletons, and in a state of idiocy, and this the only effect!

Men of Pennsylvania, upon your own soil these brave volunteers lost their freedom—defending your state from farther invasion—your homes from plunder and destruction. Can you sleep in your beds at night never having raised a hand to succor these sufferers, who periled their lives and lost their freedom for you? Send us from your full store-houses, for their relief, some portion of what you owe to them, or, better still, help to raise an army of volunteers for the express purpose of their deliverance.

Among the articles now most needed, are blankets, bed-ticks, pillow-ticks, woolen drawers, old cotton socks, cherry brandy, and blackberry cordial. An especial demand has been made upon us for *bed-quilts* recently.

We have not the address of all the Secretaries of our City Auxiliaries; and consequently are unable to forward to them, as we should like to do, our recent issues, such as "Three weeks at Gettysburg," and copies of the San. Com. Bulletin semi-monthly. They will confer a favor by sending the number and street of their residence to our Corresponding Secretary.

The acknowledgement of two packages from "Wildon Ladies' Aid" in "Saturday Evening Post" Nov. 23rd, should have been from "Weldon Ladies' Aid," Jenkintown, Montgomery county. Mrs. Russell Smith, Secretary. We take this opportunity of noticing the value of the contents, estimated by the Society at $300.

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Nov. 23d, 1863.
The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Fithian & Fogue, Bridgeton, N. J., 6 boxes, containing 24 cans peaches, 24 cans jelly, 12 cans cranberry sauce, 12 cans tomato catsup, 48 cans Zea Maize.

The above articles were acknowledged last week as coming from another source; we therefore take this means of rectifying the mistake. Rec. Nov. 23d:

A Friend, linen; a Friend, stockings; Misses Lewis, 1713 Spruce street, large lot of clothing; half-barrel apples, unknown; Milton, Northumberland co., 1 box; Miss Kersen, clothing; Mrs. J. R. Worrell, clothing; Ladies' Aid, Mifflintown, Juniata co., 1 box; Miss Abraham, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Wellsboro', Tioga co., 1 box, No. 13, Sarah E. Moore, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Lakeville, Susquehanna co., 1 keg pickles; Ladies' Aid, Orwigsburg, Schuylkill co., 1 box, George K. Lewis, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., dried apples, 1 box; Miss Clara C. Grier; Ladies' Aid, Coudersport, Potter co., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Mullica Hill, N. J., 1 box; Mrs. R. W. Sexton, Hestonville, bed screens; Ladies' Aid, Williamsport, Lycoming co., 1 box; Miss Capron; Mrs. M. Thompson, Ashland, Schuylkill co., 1 box; St. Stephen's Aid Society, 1 pkg.; School Lane Circle, 1 pkg.; Whitpain Ladies' Aid, Centre Square, 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Bedford, 1 box; a Friend, 1 pkg.; a pkg. reading matter, unknown; Allentown, Pa., 1 box.

A YANKEE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Sir, I was born and raised in Connecticut;
Bolted to sea, and was wrecked in Japan;
Quite a respectable figure I 'spect I cut,
When coming back to keep school I began.
Guess at the saw-mill I proved a top sawyer,
And as a minister made a small splurge;
Reckon I felt more at home as a lawyer,
Ere as a doctor I learned how to purge.
But the long words in the medical lexicon
Soon I forgot from a couple of years
Spent in campaigning against the darned Rexican,
When I commanded the Bragg Volunteers.
Just for a change, then a paper I edited,
Scorched politicians, and pitched into books;
That was before I was envoy accredited—
Austrian plenipo—General Snooks.
'Tis a slow life—that of Minister resident—
Posting dispatches to kings and what not;
But as they propose to run me for President,
Hanged if I care to repine at my lot.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been inactive; about 12,000 bbls. of Flour found buyers, at $6@6 50 for good superfine; $6,75@7,12½ for common and good extras; $7,25@7,75 for extra family; and $8@9 for fancy Ohio brands. The trade are buying mostly at the above figures for superfine, extras and fancy brands, and $10@11 ₱ bbl. for high grade do., as in quality. Rye Flour is selling on arrival at $6,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal comes in slowly, and Brandywine is held at $6 ₱ bbl. Of Buckwheat Meal sales are reported at $3,25@3,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and prices are without any material change; about 40,000 bushels Wheat sold for milling at 150@163c. for common to good and choice Western and Penna. Red, mostly at 163@165c, and 165@170c. for Southern do.; White is dull and unsettled, and quoted at 180@200c., as in quality. Rye is scarce, with further small receipts and sales at 120@122c. for Delaware and Penna. Corn is unchanged, and about 30,000 bushels sold, mostly at 120c. for White, and 122c. for Yellow, and 104@110c. for new. Oats are inactive but steady, with further sales of 25,000 bushels Delaware and Penna. at 87c., weight. Barley and Malt remain quiet, and prices about the same. White Beans large sales are reported at $4,75 ₱ bushel.

PROVISIONS—The market is firm but inactive, and prices about the same, with further sales of old Mess York at $17@18 ₱ bbl. Dressed Hogs are worth $8@8¼ the 100 lbs. Beef is unchanged. Of Bacon, the sales are confined to Shoulders at 7¾@7¾c. Sides are held at 9@9½c, which is better. No new Hams here. Green meats are firm; with further sales of 500 packages, mostly Hams, in pickle, at 11@11¼c. Lard is quiet, but about 500 bbls and tcs have been disposed of at 12¾@13¼c; kegs are held at 13@13¾c. Butter is moderately active, and selling at 30@32c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 28@31c for New York state. Cheese is quiet at 13@16c, the latter for choice dairies' Eggs are worth 27@28c ₱ doz.

GROCERIES—The receipts and stocks continue very light, some 900 bales only found buyers at 75@83c; cash, mostly at 80@81c for middling.

ASHES are firm.

BARK—Quercitron has declined, and small sales of 1st No 1 are reported at $35@36 ₱ ton, at which rate it is offered. Tanners' Bark is firm.

BEESWAX continues in demand at 46c ₱ lb.

COAL—Prices are unsettled and lower, with but little doing either for shipment or home use.

COFFEE—The market is firmer; the sales are confined to 700 bags, in lots, at 32@34c for Rio, 31½c for Jamaica, and 34c for Laguayra, cash and time.

COPPER is firmly held and the sales limited at the advance.

FEATHERS continue scarce and high, Western selling at 60@62c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are mostly confined to Green Apples at $3@3½ ₱ bbl. Cranberries are quoted at $7@11. Dried fruit comes in slowly. Peaches command 10@16c for unpared quarters and halves, and Apples 8@9c ₱ lb.

HAY is unsettled and lower, and selling at $23@25 ₱ ton.

HOPS are firmer and selling at 26@30c for Eastern and Western.

IRON continues scarce and firm, particularly No 1 Pig, at $44 ₱ ton, cash; No 2 is quoted at $42@43, and No 3 at $35@37 ₱ ton. Blooms are also scarce and high. Of Scotch Pig there is no stock here to operate in. Manufactured Iron is bringing full prices.

LEAD is firm, sales of 220 pigs foreign on terms kept private.

LEATHER—The demand is active.

LUMBER comes in slowly, prices range at $28@30 for White Pine; $25@26 for Yellow Sap Boards. Rafe Hemlock is selling at $16 for Joist and Scantling, and $18@19 for Boards and Flooring. Shingles are worth $1@2,1. A cargo of Laths sold at $2,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is firm but quiet, with small sales of Cuba at 40@42c, and some rebolled at 41@42c.

OILS—Petroleum is better, with sales of 5,000 bbls. refined, in bond, at 38@39c. for present and future delivery, now held at 40c. Free Oil has been sold at 47@48c., mostly at 48c. Crude is in demand, at 25@26c., but is generally held higher.

PLASTER—There is very little offering. We quote soft at $4,50@4,75 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote Rangoon at 7¾@7¾c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is a steady demand for Clover-seed at $7@7,50 ₱ bus, and not much offering. Some recleaned seed brought 11@11¼c ₱ lb. Timothy is wanted at $4,50. Flaxseed is unsettled, and 15,000 bus American having been sold at $3,15 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum is better, and quoted at 80@85c. Whiskey has advanced; sales have been made, mostly at from 75 to 80c for bbls, and 73 to 83c for Drudge.

SUGARS—The market is firmer, with sales of Cuba at 12¾@12¾c, on time. Refined Sugars are a fraction lower.

TALLOW is inactive but firm at 12@12¼c for city rendered.

TOBACCO—There is some little movement in Kentucky, with small sales of Mason county Lugs at 10@12½c ₱ lb. Other kinds are quiet.

WOOL—The market is firm, but inactive; sales of 130,000 lbs fleece at 85@85c for common to fine.

☞ Jefferson Davis said at the beginning of the war, "All the southern blood that will be shed in this war, I can hold in the hollow of my hand." Let him look at his hands now!

☞ The President, we are told, invariably addresses Messrs. Seward and Chase as "Governor;" Mr. Blair as "Judge;" the Secretary of the Navy as "Mr. Welles," and the Secretary of War as "Stanton." With others he is more familiar, calling the Commander-in-Chief "Henry," and the Governor of Pennsylvania "Andy;" but none who fain would be considered as on confidential terms with him are always ceremoniously addressed as "Colonel," or by some other formal title.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.
A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Dr. Radway's Pills have granted me a new lease of life. For fifteen years I have suffered with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Indigestion. I have taken a curi-load of pills of different make, but the relief afforded by their operation was at the cost of severe suffering from Piles. If I stopped taking these pills one week, the old difficulty would trouble me. I at last struck a vein of gold, in Radway's Pills—the first dose acted so differently from all other pills, that I hoped for a cure—six boxes made a new man of me; I am completely cured. No straining; no piles, no weakness followed their use, I gained strength with their use. I have not taken any physic for over a year, and am as rugged, strong and hearty as a bear. JAMES W. FOSDICK,
Clinton Town, Clinton Co., N. Y.
RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

ALL THE WORLD TAKE NOTICE,
THAT
THE GREATEST KNOWN REMEDY FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Weak Breast, all Pulmonary Complaints.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

A trial of many years has proved to the world that this remedy is more efficacious in curing all throat, breast and lung complaints than any hitherto known to mankind. It gives tone and strength to the stomach, and for the aged and debilitated it acts as a strengthening alterative. In Hemorrhage from the Lungs "Swayne's Wild Cherry" is the most safe and prompt styptic in use. In Phthisis, known by emaciation, debility, cough, hectic fever and purulent expectoration, it is, without exception, the best medicine extant, oftentimes curing the most obstinate cases, which had baffled every expedient of human skill. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. Sold by druggists and dealers.
nov7-3m

GRAY HAIR RESTORED WITHOUT DYEING.
Baldness Prevented.
Baldness Prevented.
London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.
London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.
This discovery for the preservation of the human hair is taking the lead of all hair preparations; besides restoring the color and making the hair grow on bald heads, it is a beautiful dressing, keeps the hair soft, smooth and flexible, removes any eruptive disease, itching, scurf, dandruff, &c. Many who are bald and gray have had their hair permanently restored. Only one preparation. Single bottles, 50 cents; six bottles, $2,50. Sold, wholesale and retail, by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. nov7-3m

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
FURS.
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN THE CITY,
AT
CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS,
CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
nov14-3m PHILADELPHIA.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. H. W. Dueachet, D. D., FRANK H. GETCHELL, M. D., of Maine, to FREDERICA C. daughter of the late Major L. Twiggs, of the U. S. Marine Corps.

On the 30th of Nov. by the Rev. B. Griffith, RICHARD M. SHOEMAKER, *Jr.* to ARNIE G. HESS, both of this city.

On the 13th of Nov. by the Rev. W. H. H. Marsh, Lieut. HIRAM MEGONEGAL, of Sackett's Harbor, New York, to Miss REBECCA G. RILEY, of Hestonville, Phila.

On the 12th of Sept. by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. JOHN H. RAU, to Miss SUSAN M. PETTIT, both of this city.

On the 9th of Nov. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES F. ROMMEL, to Miss EMMA BROMLEY, both of this city.

On the 26th of Nov. by the Rev. J. W. Clinton, EDWIN A. ZELLER, to KATHERINE V. daughter of Thos. Siatie, Esq. both of this city.

On the 22d of Sept. by the Rev. T. Thacerck, Mr. JOHN BUCHANEN, to RUMEY A. ENGLISH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of Oct., 1863, near Sullivan, in Sullivan county, Indiana, CORY MERKER, long a respected citizen of Philada., but for the last 30 years a resident of the West. He attained the patriarchal age of 80 years, when "like a clock, worn out by eating time; the locks of weary life at length stood still."

On the 2d instant, Mrs. MARIA B. LENTZ, relict of the late Henry Lentz, in her 93d year.

On the 1st instant, MARGARET MOORE, in her 65th year.

On the 1st instant, REBECCA, widow of the late John Barton.

On the 30th of Nov. ANDREW J. PAGE, in his 32d year.

On the 30th of Nov. WILLIAM UPTON, in his 80th year.

On the 29th of Nov. BENJAMIN NORTH, in his 23d year.

On the 29th of Nov. Mrs. MARY PALMER, in her 78th year.

On the 29th of Nov. SARAH EWING, in her 75th year.

On the 28th of Nov. TOWNSEND STILES, U. S. N. in his 46th year.

On the 26th of Nov. WILLIAM NUTT, in his 49th year.

On the 26th of Nov. WILLIAM B. CARVER, in his 49th year.

On the 27th of Nov. SAMUEL R. ANDREW, in his 53d year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
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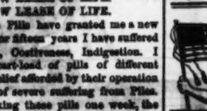
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2710 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 11½c gross, or 4 to 6½c ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $60 to 80 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from 6c to 6½c ₱ lb gross. 1160 Hogs brought from $7,50 to 8,50 ₱ cwt net.



B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS;
INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," Inc., &c.,
has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations. The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs are worn* (though few are suspected), and a *galaxy of gold and silver medals* (10 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attest the public value of these inventions. *All genuine* "PALMER LIMBS" *have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
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CHOICE MUSIC FOR SMALL ORCHESTRAS.

THE NEW GERMANIA, a Collection of Operatic Airs, Marches, Polkas, Waltzes, Dances and Melodies of the day, arranged for easy performance on five or six instruments. By B. A. Burdit. Price, $1,25. STAR COLLECTION OF MUSIC, for Wind and Stringed Instruments, by J. W. Moore. Price, $1,50. Sent by mail, *post paid*, on receipt of the price. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
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A game that can be played by any number, and productive of ROARS OF LAUGHTER. Just the thing for SOLDIERS, PARTIES, and FOLKS AT HOME. A sure cure for HOME-SICKNESS, ENNUI, and the BLUES. Sent, post paid, for 25 cents. *Address Box* 456, *Boston.*

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

RITTER'S Patent Portable Desk, Portfolio, Work-box, Toilet-case, and Checkerboard combined; weighs 14 oz.; contains 20 articles; for soldiers, sailors, miners, travellers, &c., mailed on receipt of $1.75. Send stamp for circular. See contents. A. J. RITTER,
Rahway, N. J.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
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Oculist and Aurist, graduate of Vienna,
Office, 1027 Walnut Steet, Philadelphia,
where can be examined hundreds of testimonials from the very best known men in the country, among which are several from old and responsible citizens of Philadelphia, who can be personally referred to. oct31-6m

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW
Man and Woman inside and out—what draws the sexes together—what the cause of disease, of social unhappiness and matrimonial infelicity, read revised and enlarged edition of MEDICAL COMMON SENSE, a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. Contents-table sent free by mail everywhere.
Address
E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
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CALCINED MAGNESIA
Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.
A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,
THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
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THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying small objects 500 times. Mailed free everywhere for thirty cents. *Five* of different powers for one dollar. nov28-4t

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STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and private sale.
7-3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold on lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
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Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
may8-1y

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.
The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those Cattle Powders which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your Horses, CATTLE and Hogs in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.
Prepared only by
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.
WM. RALSTON,—Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and a good a preparation as there is in the market. HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterany Surgeon for the United States Government.
For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.
Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co.,
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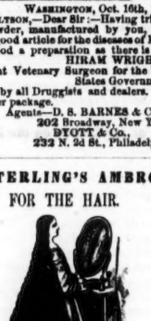
232 N. 2d St., Philadelphia.

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA
FOR THE HAIR.



SOMETHING FOR EVERY LADY AND GENTLEMAN.

AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or turning prematurely gray, causes it to grow thick and long. Beware of imitations. None genuine but Dr. Sterling's.

READ AND SEE WHAT DR. H. H. STERLING'S AMBROSIA WILL DO IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
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READ AND SEE WHAT DR. H. H. STERLING'S AMBROSIA WILL DO IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that about 18 months ago, I commenced using STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was short, thin, and rapidly falling off. I had tried many Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft and glossy, and is five feet and four inches in length—when let down reaching to the floor. This wonderful result I ascribe solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I have commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair. MRS. LUCY A. BROWN,
St. Nicholas Hotel.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
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NONE GENUINE but DR. H. H. STERLING'S.
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Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1. Sold by all Druggists.
Dr. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor.
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TO FIREMEN.—THE BEST SUCTION HAND ENGINE in Philadelphia; for sale cheap. Address B. O. B.,
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Cider Can be Kept Sweet for Years by Using
SULPHITE OF LIME.
A package, with full directions, costing but 50 cents being sufficient for one barrel of Cider. It is a perfectly harmless preparation, and does not give any taste to the Cider.
For sale by
WRIGHT & SIDDALL,
Wholesale Druggists and Chemists,
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DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS
PREPARED BY
DOCTOR C. M. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.
IS NOT A
BAR ROOM DRINK,
OR A
SUBSTITUTE FOR RUM,
OR AN
INTOXICATING BEVERAGE,
BUT A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
VEGETABLE EXTRACT,
A PURE TONIC,
Free from Alcoholic Stimulants
OR
INJURIOUS DRUGS,
AND WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
LIVER COMPLAINT,
DYSPEPSIA
and JAUNDICE.
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS
Resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs.
Constipation,
Inward Piles,
Fullness of Blood to the
Head, Acidity of the Stomach,
Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food,
Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imagining of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL GIVE YOU
A GOOD APPETITE,
STRONG NERVES,
HEALTHY FEELINGS,
A GOOD CONSTITUTION,
A HEALTHY COMPLEXION,
A SOUND CONSTITUTION.
WILL MAKE THE
WEAK STRONG,
WILL MAKE THE
DELICATE HEARTY,
WILL MAKE THE
THIN STOUT,
WILL MAKE THE
DEPRESSED LIVELY,
WILL MAKE THE
SALLOW COMPLEXION CLEAR,
WILL MAKE THE
DULL EYE CLEAR AND BRIGHT,
Will prove a blessing in
EVERY FAMILY.
Can be used with perfect safety by
MALE OR FEMALE, OLD OR YOUNG.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskies or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed, &c.

This sort of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the appetite is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is increased and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon the Habitual Drunkard. BEWARE OF THESE!

For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt for ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, and any with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true curative properties any Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. You will have at least three bottles of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

DELICATE CHILDREN,
Those suffering from MARASMUS, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases will have most surprising effect.

DEBILITY,
Resulting from fevers of any kind—These Bitters will renew your strength in a very short time.

FEVER AND AGUE.
The chills will not return if these Bitters are used.—No person in a Fever and Ague District should be without them.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.
Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not testify to the benefit he has himself to have received from any simple preparation; in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.
I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were simply an a cohotic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the restoration of that prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from pain and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them. J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.
We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS" will cure nine tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations peculiar to camp life, as the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick and wounded, will testify. But a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of this kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have not yet noticed that

Wit and Humor.

BRAGG AND HIS HIGH PRIVATE.

The following incident was related to a Union man in Shelbyville, Tennessee, by Major Hunter, of the Confederate army, who formerly resided in Shelbyville, but who latterly resided some twenty miles from Helena, Arkansas. The Major was fond of the story and often repeated it:—

While Bragg's troops were on their retreat from Murfreesboro', ragged, hungry and weary, they struggled along the road for miles, with an eye to their own comfort, but a most unmilitary neglect of rules and regulations. Presently one of them espied, in the woods near by, a miserable, broken-down mule, which he at once seized and proceeded to put to his use, by improvising, from stray pieces of rope, a halter and stirrups. This done, he mounted with grim satisfaction, and pursued his way. He was a wild Texas tatterdemalion, bareheaded, barefooted, and wore, in lieu of a coat, a rusty-looking hunting-shirt. With hair unkempt, beard unshorn, and face unwashed, his appearance was grotesque enough; but to add to it, he drew from some receptacle his corn-cob pipe, and made perfect his happiness by indulging in a comfortable smoke.

While thus sauntering along, a company of bestarred and bespangled horsemen—General Bragg and his staff—rode up, and were about to pass on, when the rather unusual appearance of the man attracted their notice. The object of their attention, however, apparently neither knew nor cared to know them, but looked and smoked ahead with careless indifference.

"Who are you?" asked the major-general.

"Nobody," was the answer.

"Where did you come from?"

"Nowhere."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"Where do you belong?"

"Don't belong anywhere."

"Don't you belong to Bragg's army?"

"Bragg's army! Bragg's army!" replied the chap. "Why, he's got no army. One half of it he shot in Kentucky, and the other half has just been whipped to death at Murfreesboro'."

Bragg asked no more questions, but turned and spurred away.

A CASE OF CATECHISING.

A clergyman in Maine, who was opposed to having any mirth in Sunday-school, thought it injurious to all, and unnecessary for the entertainment of the children. He offered to address the school and show that they could be well entertained seriously. I am credibly informed that the following dialogue ensued:—

"Children, I am going to tell you about Peter. Who knows who Peter was?"

No answer.

"Cannot any one—those large girls—tell me who Peter was?"

Still no reply.

"Can any little boy or girl in the school, tell me who Peter was?"

"I can," said a little fellow in the further corner.

"Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform beside me, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls who Peter was."

Jimmy did as he was told, and in the shrill voice of childhood repeated:—

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her."

At this point he was stopped, but not before the full point was taken by the school and Mother Goose's poem was appreciated.

SNORING.

Good old Deacon A——, having occasion to spend a night at a hotel, was assigned a room in which there were three single beds, two of which already contained occupants. Soon after the light was extinguished a man in one of the other beds began to snore so loudly as to prevent his falling asleep. The tumult increased as the night wore away, until it became absolutely fearful. Two or three hours after midnight the snorer turned himself in bed, gave a hideous groan, and became silent. The deacon had supposed the third gentleman asleep, until at this juncture he heard him exclaim:—

"He's dead! thank God! He's dead!"

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S LAST.—Some time since a well-known Senator visited the President and asked a change in a certain particular relating to military operations. The President agreed that it was a good one, and promised that he would make it. Some time, however, intervened, and nothing was done, when the Senator again visited the executive mansion, and accosted the President with—

"Well, I see you have not made the change."

President—"No, sir; Gen. Halleck would not consent."

Senator—"Well, then, why don't you dispose of Halleck, if he is always in the way?"

President—"Well, the fact is, a man who has no friends should be taken care of."

The Senator left the room, having no more to say.

DEAD AND ALIVE.

The following was told me by the late Dr. Bethune. Of course I cannot do justice to his inimitable style; but at the time he told it, which was just after one of those meetings held by the bar to commemorate the exceeding virtues of a departed member of the profession, whose death and indiscriminate eulogies of his friends had made him the model of all excellence and learning (a distinction unattained in his life,) it seemed to me peculiarly happy.

After slavery had been abolished in this state (New York,) the family slaves, especially those connected with the old Dutch families, remained for the most part as household servants with their old masters. Shiftless and dependent, they were not infrequently a burden rather than an assistance. Among the families thus situated was that of Mr. Elmendorf, of Rhinebeck. It so happened that among these his valuables was one Pete, a young fellow just grown, full of mischief, never useful, always troublesome, and a thorn in the flesh to all around him. But in spite of the poetical "Ah! sir, the good die first!" Peter was taken away.

Of course a "funeral" must be had. The day came; all the neighbors of sable hue were present. One more venerable than the rest officiated. The body was laid in the grave, and standing forward, he delivered this simple eulogy:

"My friends, here lies the body of Pete Elmendorf. When he lib, he good for nothing; but now he's dead, I tell you Massa Elmendorf hab lost a berry fine nigger!"—*Harper's Monthly.*

WHY THE WAR GOES ON.—The soldiers at Helena, in Arkansas, used to amuse the inhabitants of that place, on their first arrival, by telling them yarns, of which the following is a sample:—

"Some time ago Jeff Davis got tired of the war, and invited President Lincoln to meet him on neutral ground to discuss terms of peace. They met accordingly, and after a talk, concluded to settle the war by dividing the territory and stopping the fighting. The North took the Northern states, and the South the Gulf and sea-board Southern states. Lincoln took Texas and Missouri, and Davis Kentucky and Tennessee; so that all were parcelled off excepting Arkansas. Lincoln didn't want it—Jeff wouldn't have it. Neither would consent to take it, and on that they split; and the war has been going on ever since."

Talk of the Lichen on the Rock.

Far up the side of the mountain the naked rock shot up still higher. It seemed very high as you looked upward. The rock was even on its face, and was full perpendicular. On its surface were four kinds of lichen growing—from that whose leaf was very small, to the last which was quite coarse and large. We sometimes see such lichen on an old fence, an old tree, or an old house. The face of the huge rock was almost covered with it. As I sat down under the shadow of the mountain, waiting for my friend, I gazed at the lichen, and began to wonder in my mind what it was created for, and of what use it could be, when I seemed to hear a small crispy voice, far up the rock, calling out,

"Mother, how old am I?"

"Why, my child, you have but just begun to live. You are only eighty years old yet?"

"And how old are you?"

"I call myself young, for I am only five hundred and twenty years old."

I now listened with all my ears, for I knew it was the lichen talking among themselves. I felt sure they would say more, and I took out my pencil to put down what they would say. Pretty soon I heard the same little voice say,

"Mother, ain't you discouraged?"

"Discouraged! at what, pray?"

"At your size! Five hundred and twenty years old, and how very small you are!"

"Not so small, either! I cover six inches square already, while there's my poor grandmother, almost eleven hundred years old, and she covers only five inches, even now! Very few, I am happy to say, of the lichen family, who have worked harder or accomplished more than I have though I do say it myself."

"Well, mother, of what use is it to cling to this great rock, and hang here summer and winter, amid storms, and cold, and winds beating upon us? Here I have clung and been trying to gnaw into this rock for eighty years, and have not yet got my roots in half an inch. What's the use? We might as well die and drop off! Nobody would miss us or care. What *do* we live for?"

"To raise wheat."

"Raise *what?*"

"Raise wheat, to be sure."

"Pray, mother, what do you mean? We lichen away up here, on this cold rock, raise wheat! If that ain't funny!"

"Listen, my child. This huge mountain is all solid rock. If it was all pounded up fine it would make soil on which men would raise wheat. But it is now very hard, and there is nothing to pound it and turn it into powder. And so God has created us, the lichen, to have our home here, to cling to it, to gnaw it, and with a kind of acid we have, to crumble and dissolve it. Don't you remember that the very last year, you rolled down two little grains of the rock? Well, every grain we make falls down, then the rains wash it into the little brook, and the brook carries it into the river, and the river raises it up, and as it overflows its bank, drops it just where the old soil is worn out and the wheat needs new. The Nile thus carries down little particles from the mountains, and makes Egypt so fruitful."

"Oh, mother, how often can I gnaw off rock enough to raise a kernel of wheat?"

"Perhaps once in thirty years."

"Oh! what slow work! When will what you dig out this year raise wheat?"

"Perhaps five hundred years hence. God sees that there will be old men and little children upon earth then, and they will want bread, and so He has created us and placed us here to prepare soil, and get His rock ready to raise wheat. Thus He goes before, and provides, and makes even the poor lichen useful; and if we do our duty, His smile will cheer us, and though we can do but little, a very little, yet that little will do good to somebody."

The lichen stopped talking, but I did not stop thinking. What would my young reader have thought had he been there?—*Rev. John Todd.*

THE ART OF WALKING.

In a graceful human step the heel is always raised before the foot is lifted from the ground, as if the foot were part of a wheel rolling forward; and the weight of the body, supported by the muscles of the calf of the leg, rests for the time on the fore part of the foot and toes.—There is then a bending of the foot in a certain degree. But when strong wooden shoes are used, or any shoe so stiff that it will not yield and allow the bending of the foot, the heel is not raised at all until the whole foot rises with it; so that the muscles of the calf are scarcely used, and, in consequence, soon dwindle in size and almost disappear. Many of the English farm servants wear heavy, stiff shoes; and in London it is a striking thing to see the drivers of the country wagons with fine robust persons in the upper part, but with legs that are fleshless spindles, producing a gait which is almost awkward and unmanly. The brothers of these men, who are otherwise employed, are not misshapen. What a pity that, for the sake of a trifling saving, fair nature should be thus deformed! An example of this kind is seen in Paris. There, as the streets have few or no side pavements, and the ladies have to walk almost constantly on tiptoe, the great action of the muscles of the calf has given conformation of the leg and foot, to match which the Parisian belles proudly challenge all the world—not aware, probably, that it is a defect in their city to which the peculiarity of their form is in part owing.

☞ So ignorant are some of the English peasantry that they took the recent earthquake for a sign that the world was coming to an end, and immediately packed up to emigrate to America, in order to avoid the impending calamity.

☞ Rousseau maintained that the real founder of civil society was the man who first enclosed a piece of ground, said, "That is mine," and found people fools enough to believe him.

☞ In France, love is a comedy; in England, a tragedy; in Italy, an opera; in Germany, a melo drama; in America, a business affair.

☞ Old paper is now selling from 6 to 7 cents per pound. Don't burn it.

☞ Dr. Cumming, of London, now says the end of all things will come in 1867. Glad he gives us time to finish up the rebellion.

☞ The largest specimen of the gull tribe—Tae great Mo-gul of course.

AN AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.

TOMKINS.—"You are going it, old fellow! Real turtle, eh? and venison to follow, eh?"

JOSKINS.—"Why, yes—you see it's my wife's birthday; and as she dines early, I thought I'd celebrate the anniversary in the city."

THE SHAKER MAIDEN.

Lightly falls the sunlight golden,
On each building, quaint and olden,
And so lightly mantles over
All the meadows green with clover;
Kissing now the meek-eyed daisies,
Now the king-cup, as it raises
Its bright bosom, like a chalice
Fashioned for some fairy palace;
While among them, fairer, whiter
Than the daisies, purer, brighter,
Than the king-cups dewy laden,
Stands the pretty Shaker maiden.
And each Shaker brother going
Past her, onward to the mowing,
Glances at her; but he dares not
Look again, lest Love, which cares not
For their rigid laws, should take him
In his wiles, and captive make him.
But the caution is most needless;
Love is reckless, Love is heedless;
Broken fetters need no breaking—
Wakened love has no awaking—
And the eye that once has met her,
Never, never can forget her.

☞ The distress among the cotton operatives of Lancashire is diminishing.

Useful Receipts.

TURNIPT TASTE IN MILK.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says:—"The unpleasant taste given to milk and butter when the cows are fed upon turnips, is effectually corrected by the use of a little common nitre, (or saltpetre,) but the common mode of using this preventive is not the best. It has been usual to put a lump of saltpetre into the milk pail, but it sometimes happens that the nitre remains undissolved, and the milk retains the objectionable flavor. Instead of this, make a strong solution of saltpetre—say a pint of boiling water upon an ounce of saltpetre; when thoroughly dissolved, put it in a bottle, and stand it in a cool place. Before milking, put into the milk pail a spoonful of this solution, or more, according to the quantity of milk expected, and all the turnip flavor will be entirely destroyed. It also, in a great degree, destroys that bad flavor given to butter by the yellow crowsfoot or butter-cup. This has been tried in our family, and found serviceable.—[While we give the above, we may say that we do not like the idea of putting saltpetre, or anything else, into milk.—ED. POST.]

BREAKFAST POTATOES.—Pare and wash the potatoes. Cut them in pieces one third of an inch in thickness; boil in as little water as possible, so that it will nearly all be evaporated in cooling. When done, add a small quantity of sweet cream or milk, thickened with a little flour.

HIGDOM.—A COLD PICKLE.—To one gallon of finely chopped green tomatoes, put six chopped green peppers and six chopped onions; then salt it well, and let it stand over night; squeeze it dry, and put to each gallon one tablespoonful of ground pepper, one of allspice, and one half-pint of white mustard seed. Let it stand a month before using for the table.

FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD.—Just now, when rain and sunshine, warm weather and frost, succeed so rapidly, any addition to the stock of household knowledge on the subject of curing a cold in the head cannot but be acceptable. A Belgian physician, M. Fan, tells us that this troublesome affection may be frequently arrested by a brisk friction of the back of the head with some stimulant lotion, as lavender water, sal volatile, &c; and moreover, that a similar rubbing, practised two or three times a week, will prevent the "catching" of a cold by those who are liable to do so from slight causes.—[Greasing the hair well, immediately upon taking cold, will often aid a cure very much, by the protection and warmth the grease affords.—ED. POST.]

Agricultural.

SICK ANIMALS.

It is of vastly more importance to keep animals in health than to cure them when sick. As a general rule animals may be kept in good health by the observance of a few simple rules:

1. Animals should always be fed with regularity both in respect to time and quantity. *Overfeeding* is often the cause of disease.

2. They should always have water as often as required, and that which is *pure*. Horses will not drink of hard, lime or clayey, if they can have access to pure water.

3. Do not *overwork* horses and oxen. Regular and moderate labor will accomplish more in the year, and keep them in better condition than overworking at one time and resting and overfeeding at another.

4. A sufficient variety should be fed to stock in winter, and not confine them to dry hay or straw and grain. A mess of carrots, turnips or potatoes cut and mixed with ground oats or shorts, is excellent to promote health, and should be given as often as twice a week.

5. Never feed musty and mouldy fodder; but if it must be used, cut it, moisten and sprinkle over with meal, and feed to horned cattle. It never should be given to horses.

6. Always shelter stock in cold storms in all seasons of the year, and never leave a horse, after being driven, to stand in the cold wind without being covered with a good thick blanket or buffalo.

7. Avoid all sudden changes of food in grain, or from hay to grass.

8. Due care should be taken that animals always have a plenty of pure, fresh air, and for this purpose stables should be well ventilated, as stock often become sick from breathing foul air. A proper amount of exercise is also essential.

9. Strict cleanliness should always be observed. All animals are found to maintain a better condition and fatten faster when curried and kept clean.

When an animal becomes sick, one of the best measures to be adopted, is good *nursing*. This is a method beginning to be advocated by the best practitioners of the medical art, as being applicable to the human family, and is unquestionably as advantageous when applied to farm stock. There is no doubt that the life of valuable animals is often lost by *doctoring*, while many recover when left to themselves and the workings of Nature.

HOW TO SET GATE POSTS.—Take equal quantities of water lime and quicklime, and mix with sand as usual; put two or three inches of mortar and coarse gravel in the bottom of the hole, so that the end of the post will not come to the ground; then set your post in, top end down, fill in several inches of the mortar, then several inches of coarse gravel; pound it down, then more mortar and more gravel, and so on, until the cement is raised above the ground several inches around the post. Slant it away from the post in every direction, so as to turn off the water; then take coal tar and a brush, paint around the bottom of the post, and fill the interstice between the post and cement with the coal tar. N. B.—Only mix enough mortar for one hole at a time. —C. W. C., in *Ohio Farmer.*

GRAPES ABOUT CLEVELAND.—A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, who attended the Ohio State Fair at Cleveland, visited some of the vineyards for which that vicinity has become celebrated, and whose grapes have been extensively sold in the fruit stores and streets of Boston, for some years past. He writes:—"I saw a great many acres of most beautiful grapes—and around every house were long trellises, loaded with this fine fruit. Nowhere did I see a single grape affected with the black rot. This grape region includes a strip about three miles wide, lying along the whole Southern shore of Lake Erie. In conversation with Dr. Kirtland, he told me that this is destined to be the Madeira of America.

REPAIRING A CHAIN PUMP.—A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph says:—"For some time my chain pump has been out of order, the pipe having become too large for the boxes. I could not find a carpenter who had the tools or the material for making a new one, and I had worried myself for weeks about it, when I met a boy, who told me to put leather upon the chain, so as to enlarge the boxes. I thought of poor Robinson Crusoe, who, when he could not get his boat to the water, concluded it would be wise to get the water to the boat—and did as the boy suggested, and have thus a much better pump than when it was new. It is the little things which are the most difficult to be seen."

BLUE GLASS for hot-beds could be very conveniently employed. The chemical violet is probably the right color for the best results. A cheap glass for green house and hot-bed purposes could be made by coloring common glass with manganese and cobalt. This information may be very useful in the raising of rare exotics, and for developing plants in the early stages of their growth.—*H. Holden, Scientific American.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. B. WEST.

I am composed of 76 letters.

My 7, 15, 12, 31, 60, 3, 57, is a river in Africa.
My 1, 17, 61, 44, 25, 10, 39, 68, 73, is a town in Australia.
My 72, 22, 11, 19, 50, 21, 36, 40, 64, 23, 67, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 46, 8, 8, 6, 27, 30, 45, is a city in Guinea.
My 48, 49, 47, 9, 5, is a sea in Europe.
My 42, 6, 9, 20, 13, is a river in Russia.
My 58, 30, 35, 4, 41, is a sea in Russia.
My 70, 55, 47, 74, 66, 71, 65, is an island in the Mediterranean sea.
My 13, 36, 33, 26, is a sea in Asia.
My 16, 54, 66, 29, 69, 32, 26, is a river in Europe.
My 24, 1, 14, 47, 50, 65, is a city in Asia.
My 66, 5, 11, 25, 62, 28, 39, 53, is a town in Connecticut.
My 37, 55, 27, 26, 49, 11, 51, 63, 77, 41, is a river in Canada.
My 34, 56, 20, is a river in Russia.
My whole is the wish of the author.

Bentleyville, Pa.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 15, 9, 3, is at the present moment.
My 5, 13, 8, 16, every shepherd can guess.
My 10, 3, 11, girls, beware of.
My 14, 7, 13, has none left.
My 1, 6, 4, is a nickname.
My whole the world soon expects. BELL.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 8, 12, 3, 5, 13, is a man's name.
My 11, 2, 6, 10, is not distant.
My 3, 9, 1, 4, means fury.
My 4, 13, 2, is an important organ.
My 7, 9, 3, 4, is the name of a United States Senator.
My whole is the name of a brave retired United States officer.

St. Louis. CONSTANT READER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a name the Great and Just
Gave the first human form'd from dust.
My second is the crowning grace,
With which he moves thro' fashion's place.
My third enwraps the forest's pride,
Is used in manufacture wide,
And known to all—my whole will tell,
An island where two rivers swell,
And a proud city nobly stands,
Whose fame has reach'd to many lands.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sine of an arc (to radius unity) is 15-113. Required—The sine of an arc ten times as great?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find what part of a globe being 10 feet in diameter can be seen by a squirrel standing on the globe with his eye 6 inches above the surface? Also what is the distance from the point on which he stands to the most distant point on the globe seen by him? MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Iowa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why is a revoked order like a deceased dry goods salesman? Ans.—Because it is countermanded. (*Counter-man dead.*)

☞ What is the difference between an inland city and a fashionably-dressed lady? Ans.—One is surrounded *with skirts*, and the other *without skirts.* (*Outskirts.*)

☞ Why is a miser like a fish-monger? Ans.—Because his aim is *too* selfish. (*To sell fish.*)

☞ Why are the prize-fighters—Heenan and Sayers—like two eggs? Ans.—Because they possess a *striking* similarity.

☞ Why is the famous "bridge-rock" in Virginia like a common "boulder?" Ans.—Because it is a *notable* rock. (*No table rock.*)

W. H. M.

South Bend, Ind.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MILITARY ENIGMA—"The Revised Regulations of the United States Army for the present year." CHARADE—Dew, wed, we. QUERY—A cat sitting on its own tail, undoubtedly.

Answer to R. Barto's PROBLEM, published Oct. 31st, 30 inches. E. Hagerty, Gill Bates, Morgan Stevens, and Artemas Martin.

Answer to PROBLEM by Artemas Martin, same date, 41 inches. A. Martin, E. Hagerty, Morgan Stevens, and David Wickersham.

Answer to PROBLEM by Percival Jarrett, published Nov. 7th. The whole sum of money divided was $101.77 7-9, of which A got $28.86 4-9; B got $21.33 3-9; C got $16; and D, E, and F got each $12. D. Diefenbach, E. Hagerty, M. Stevens, Reuben Barto, R. Bates, G. Baier, and A. Martin.

☞ Canon-ising a man appears to signify making a big gun of him.